AUG. 8 1945

YANK

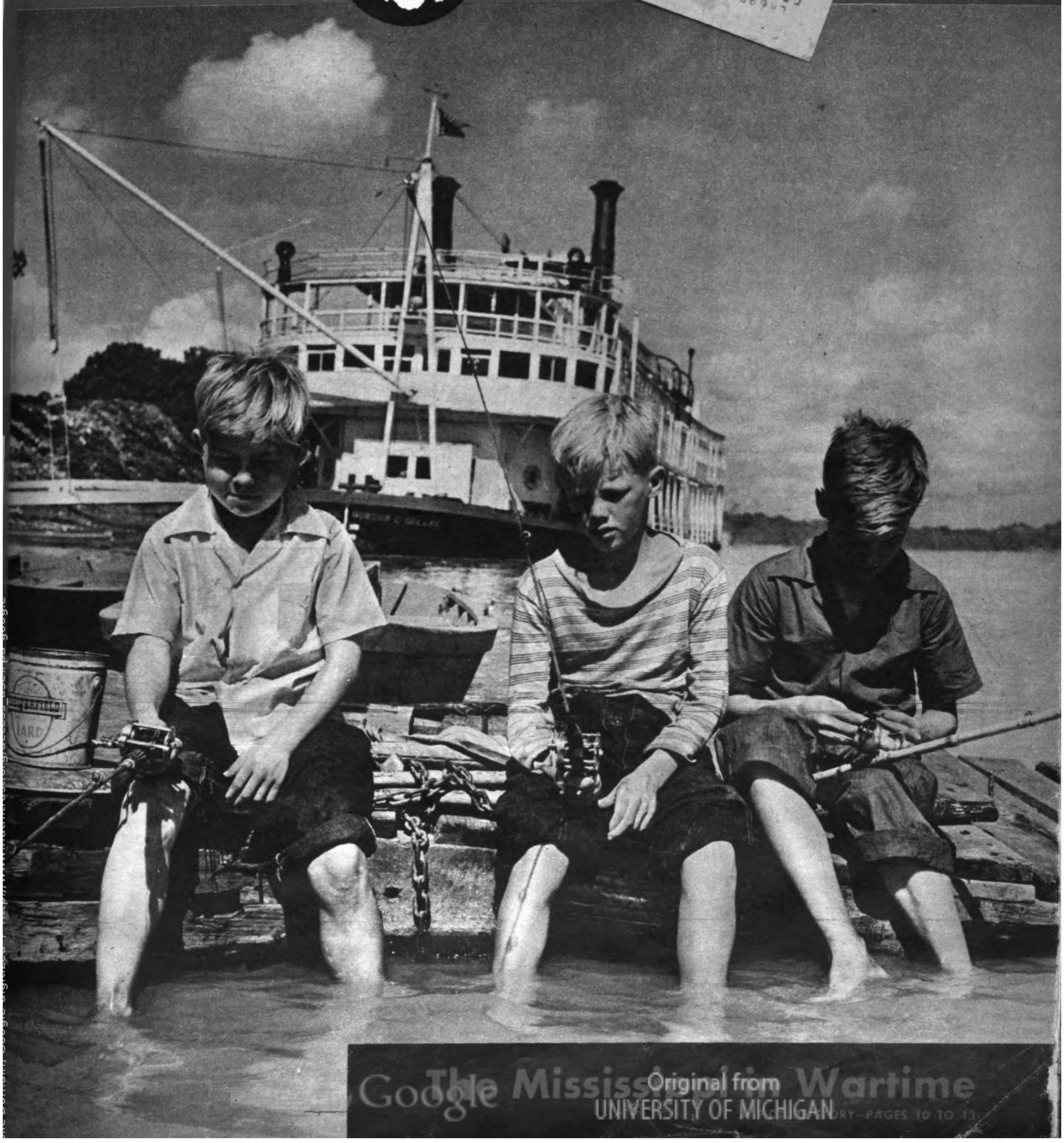
THE ARMY

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

5¢ AUG. 10, 1945
VOL. 4, NO. 8

By and for men in the service

LH698
J-22-46
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR MICH



The Mississippi in Wartime

STORY—PAGES 10 TO 13

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

That Pacific War

This chapter in the YANK series of articles for ETO veterans who are sweating the Jap war brings up the weather and the combat methods, which are not much different, and discusses the fancy Far Eastern diseases that don't grow in Brooklyn.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON — It will probably come as something of a surprise to many GIs who are slated for the big switch from the ETO to the Pacific to learn that they may find themselves fighting next winter in a climate just as capable of bringing on trench foot as an Ardennes foxhole in January.

Thus far, with the one exception of Attu, the war against the Japs has meant fighting in tropical heat, rain and mud. From here on in it may easily swing to places which, at some seasons of the year, would make an Italian mountain top in December feel like an oven. Formosa, to be sure, is hot, with an average temperature of 69, but the weather in Japan is much the same as in Italy, France and Germany; "hellish hot in summer and hellish cold in winter" is one way of summing it up. And the seasons there are the same as in Europe—not rear end to, as in Down Under.

What's more, the natives, while they won't remind you of Alf at the pub or Lucille at the bistro, are going to look a lot more up-to-date than the primitive specimens that island-hopping GIs formerly encountered. There were plenty of times in the past when Yanks out that way, upon coming across some betel-chewing babe with a dust-mop for a hair-do, could have sworn that fraternization would never become an issue in their theater. The fact is, however, that high-brass medics here in Washington are already getting steamed up over the problem of fraternization in conection with the Japs.

"Soldiers will start fraternizing with Japanese women and children very quickly once combat is over," one medic lieutenant colonel predicts, speaking from several years experience in Japan. "A lot of those people are very attractive—you have to admit that—especially the kids. But it's dynamite."

Then there is the business of cities. For men in the ETO there has always been the hope of getting to Paris or Brussels or London, whereas during the early days of the Pacific war American soldiers who were fighting it came to regard six bamboo huts built on stilts as a good-sized metropolis. (There was always Australia, of course, but that was a long way to go.) Now, with landings on Formosa or Japan almost certainly in the cards, the Yanks are going to be finding themselves in full-fledged cities. True, these cities may be pretty messed up, as Manila was, before the Yanks ever get into them, but they'll be cities just the same and a lot different from a jungle.

It all boils down to the fact that slowly but surely a war that started out as one of coconuts and jungle rot is going to become more and more like the fight against Germany. Jungle war is a thing of the past, except for the comparatively small forces that may be sent into the Dutch East Indies, Malaya or French Indo-China to capture oil fields. That's the way it's being figured by the WD experts who are making the final plans.

civilians before removing them to areas in the rear.

Even so, Pacific-bound GIs with ETO backgrounds needn't worry about finding things too much like what they've already been through. Out Japan way, for instance, there's always a fair chance of a blockbusting earthquake. Then, too, Japan and nearby islands have a batch of plain and fancy communicable diseases—a fact that may make anti-fraternization rules easier to enforce than they have been in Germany but that is also going to make it tougher than it was in the ETO for those Joes who persist in playing around.

Here are a few of the diseases that GIs who wind up on Formosa or Japan will have to be on their guard against: dysentery, typhoid, malaria, tapeworm, scrub typhus, filariasis, dengue, schistosomiasis and hepatitis. The first four are fairly familiar. Some hepatitis was found both in the MTO and the ETO. The others probably rate a description.

Scrub typhus, sometimes known as Japanese river fever, is one of the worst menaces of the region because of the high death rate among those who catch it. It's got the medics stumped. Some cases of it were discovered among GIs in New Guinea, where one man out of every 20 who came down with it died. Scrub typhus is carried by a mite or chigger that hangs out in the grass on river banks and on the edges of damp forests. Troops in such areas have a good chance of ducking it if, before lying down for the night or dropping blankets on the ground, they can manage to bulldoze the vegetation into piles and burn it.

Filariasis, caused by the bite of a mosquito that has previously bitten an infected person, was a bugaboo for a lot of troops who hit the Pacific early, because of a rumor that anyone contracting it would become sexually impotent. In its adanced stages filariasis causes elephantiasis, a swelling of the legs or scrotum and all a GI had to do to get the heebie-jeebies was to see a native with elephantiasis of the scrotum.

Actually, officers in the Surgeon General's office say, even advanced elephantiasis rarely causes impotence. In any case, they add, there's no cause for worry because elephantiasis does not develop unless a man has been bitten repeatedly over a period of years and it is the Army's policy to ship back all filariasis sufferers for permanent Stateside duty the first time they are bitten. About 1,000 GIs have drawn Stateside on this count so far.

Dengue is carried by mosquitoes, too. It's not fatal but for three or four days so darn painful that it has come to be known as break-bone fever. Epidemics of it on Saipan and Guam last fall were swiftly checked by generous sprayings of DDT. Okinawa and Formosa have plenty of dengue, but it's fairly rare in Japan.

That jaw-breaker, schistosomiasis, is caused by tiny worms, or "flukes" intent upon destroying human insides. It's found in several parts of southern Japan, Formosa, China and the Philippines. The Japs sometimes get another form of "flukes" from eating raw fish, a staple rarely served on even the lousiest chow line, so you're probably safe on that score. However, flukes are bad news for Americans, too, because they infest pools and streams and many of their victims are men who drink unboiled water or wash in such places before the medics, who can spot the worms, have given the go-ahead signal.

Malaria, by the way, is not the scourge that it used to be in the early days of the Pacific fighting, when in some outfits there wasn't a man who didn't have it. Nowadays, thanks to atabrine, DDT and other precautions, the rate of infection is down to around 50 a year per 1,000 men in the Pacific areas and only one case out of every 2,000 treated results in death.

"One of the first things soldiers from Europe are going to have to do," says a silver-leaf colonel in the medics, "is to come to realize the importance of malaria control. Old Pacific men learned the hard way."

One of the results of that learning was a campaign to make the men take atabrine regularly. GIs don't like this medicine because it temporarily turns their skin yellow and some will palm their pills if they get a chance. To put an end to this practice some outfits have gone so far as to station an EM at the head of each chow line with orders to toss an atabrine pill down the throat of every man who goes by.

Then, of course, there's always VD, which in the Orient produces some effects that are lulus and never even heard of in Europe. The VD rate in Army troops in the Philippines is much higher than experienced to date elsewhere in this war. Furthermore, available information indicates that the rates will be higher still in Japan, Formosa and China.

Don't worry too much about leprosy. You have to live with lepers a long time to contract it and the Army thinks a GI's chance of getting leprosy "practically doesn't exist."

As a matter of fact, medically the picture isn't nearly as black as it may seem. Some people are inclined to regard the Far East as "just a sink of disease" but, as a high officer in the Surgeon General's office points out, a lot of Americans have lived there for years and kept perfectly healthy. He admits that they have had better living conditions than troops do in the field but adds: "The American Army has proved time and again that it can go into any area and make it livable."

The soundness of this observation is borne out by the fact that although plenty of GIs have been out in the Pacific and other miserable places for a long time, the Army's rate of deaths caused by disease last year was 6 per 10,000, a fifth as high as the rate of deaths from non-battle injuries.

The Army, of course, has preventative measures against all but a very few Far Eastern diseases. Men going to the Pacific will be duly instructed in the precautions they'll have to take, precautions which may at first seem to have little more than nuisance value but which experience has proven to be valuable. The Army has shots to protect troops against some of the diseases—cholera and plague, for instance—although it is undeniably true that in the case of others like dysentery and scrub typhus, the medics are still hunting a hook that will work.

So far as combat methods are concerned, ETO graduates will hardly know they've left Europe when it comes to fighting the Japs, according to Washington higher-ups, who say they have no intention of either throwing away or rewriting The Book—FM 100-5, Field Service Regulations on operation tactics of all ground arms. The

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Three marines of an amphibious tank outfit in the 1st Marine Division take it easy at a command post.

GIs of the 96th Division eat chow out of mess kits in the Okinawa rain, with their feet in inches of mud.

one-star general who is in charge of retraining troops for the Pacific says that despite all the talk about the differences between the Japs and the Germans the rules for fighting one or the other are 95 percent the same.

A similar point of view is held by a lieutenant colonel at the Army War College who is drawing on his experience as head of a Ranger battalion in Italy to plot a course of training for men going to the Pacific. "An attack against a Japanese strongpoint," he says, "will require the same consideration of cover and concealment, and of fire and maneuver, as did your attack on a German strong point. A field of fire is still a field of fire, whether it's 20 yards or 2,000 yards. And one can speak of observation whether he can see three feet or three miles."

The 5 percent margin of difference allowed by the one-star general between fighting on one side of the world and fighting on the other is accounted for by Jap suicide tactics, trickery and cave warfare. And ranges will be shorter: 90 percent of all ETO combat was at distances of from 50 yards to a mile, while in the Pacific a similar proportion has been at a range of from 50 to 75 yards.

Generally speaking, the terrain will be a lot more rugged, since both Japan and Formosa are merely the jagged tops of sunken mountains. Engineers are going to find an even bigger job cut out for them than in the ETO because there will be more bridges and roads to build.

WD higher-ups hold out little hope that the tough short-range combat conditions against the Japs will be made any easier for the front-line Joe now that the full weight of the Allied nations is being thrown against an already partly crippled Japan. "Only so many men can fight a cave," is the way a colonel put it recently while passing through Washington on his way from the Pacific to Europe, where he was scheduled to take a major part in the training of men for fighting Japs.

"If you're up against a big island like Formosa, you just put in as many men as you think resistance justifies," the colonel noted; "but each individual you put in acts as he would on a little island like Tinian, Makin or Tarawa."

About all the increased Allied strength will mean, in the opinion of another expert, is that fighting will go on in more places at once, thus speeding the tempo of the war.

The Japs go in heavily for tradition, a trait which has taught some American outfits in the Pacific to keep half an eye on the calendar because the enemy has a fondness for launching attacks to commemorate anniversaries on his home front. High-priority dates on his list are Jan. 1-3, a period for remembering ancestors; March 10, Jap Army Day; March 11, Jap Empire Day; March 21 and Sept. 23, days for honoring the emperor's ancestors; April 3 and Nov. 3, days of respect for the births and deaths of famous emperors; April 29, Hirohito's birthday; April 30, Jap Memorial Day; May 27, Jap Navy Day, and Nov. 23, Jap Thanksgiving.

Several factors indicate that from now on things may be better for Air Forces personnel, who have had their special geographical problems to contend with. Bases close to Japan like Iwo Jima have provided emergency landing fields for hundreds of planes that otherwise might have had to take their chances with long ocean distances. Rescue work by submarines, surface ships and other planes is also improving.

The brightest part of the current air picture is the performance of the B-29s. Their firepower, speed and general superiority have so far been too much for most Jap fighters and ack-ack crews. B-29 losses have recently been as low as one in a 200-plane raid, compared with losses of nearly four in every 200-bomber sweep in the ETO and MTO during 1944.

In general, the difficulties of fighting the Japs can be oversold, according to a colonel in Psychological Warfare's headquarters. He says: "The guy who's been in it is the guy who's going to oversell it."

This colonel advises new arrivals in the Pacific to take with a grain of salt the tales old-timers sling around about the superhuman infiltration abilities of the Japs, the "stealthy terror" of their night attacks and all such stuff. He has hopes that as the Japs come to learn that Americans do not torture prisoners, Psychological Warfare can talk many cut-off enemy groups into surrender.

Maybe so, but like so much else about this war, that remains to be seen. Just about the best the over-all strategist can say with anything like certainty as he reviews the Pacific picture is that when this one is won—brother, it will be all over.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Information & Education Division, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restri[cted] indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N[Y] Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Yanks at Home Abroad

Soldiers play cards in the castle's "day room."

Million Dollar Billet

WITH THE 339TH REGIMENT, 85TH DIVISION, ON THE ITALIAN-AUSTRIAN BORDER—One of the little things the Third Platoon of K Company of this regiment did, besides help to win the European war, was recover for the Italian Government a lot of priceless art treasures the Germans had removed from Florence when they retreated from the Gothic Line.

A Partisan tipped K Company off that this cache was in the castle of Francis Ottenthal at Camp Tures, a picturesque Alpine village not far south of the Brenner Pass borderline. The Third Platoon of riflemen, reinforced by two tanks from the 757th Tank Company, hurried to the wrought-iron gates of the sixteenth-century castle and ordered the German garrison to withdraw. The affable German CO said he had been waiting for the Americans to take over, but the GIs said hell, why didn't he send them an invitation during the four days since the Nazi surrender in Italy instead of playing hide-and-seek?

After some palaver, antique decorative keys nearly a foot long were produced and given to T/Sgt. Wallace E. Holen of Bertrand, Neb. The Yanks opened the wrought-iron gates, crossed the courtyard and entered the white building with mullioned windows protected by grillwork.

A German non-com, introduced as the Jerry art expert in charge, directed the Americans to the storerooms and named some of the outstanding works there. Each painting and sculpture was crated by itself, the crates neatly marked for identification. Everything was left as it was found until Allied art authorities should arrive to open the crates.

The German art expert, a mild man in gold-rimmed spectacles, and speaking perfect English, said the art works were worth "considerable millions of dollars," and that some of them were priceless. Among the better known sculptures was the St. George by Donatello, taken from the square in front of the Church of San Michele, a Bacchus by Michelangelo from the National Museum and several majolicas by Andrea della Robbia.

The canvases came from the National Museum, the Pitti Palace and the Uffizi Gallery, as well as from certain churches and private collections in Florence. The paintings included a self-portrait, by Raphael, and two other paintings by that Renaissance master, a Botticelli Madonna and Child and 350 more.

The Third Platoon moved right in to stay close to these treasures. They threw down their packs in the spacious bedrooms on the third and fourth floors and used one of the great halls on the lower floors for a day room. The GIs said it was a "million-dollar billet," the most luxurious they had ever had.

Despite its age—the castle had been built in 1584—it was in excellent condition. The Ottenthal family, and previous owners, had kept the building in repair. The stucco walls were unbroken, the fine wood paneling of the ceiling and some walls was perfect. Many of the furnishings remained for the company's use. Their tables and chairs and beds, everything they used, seemed to be valuable antiques.

The caretaker for the Ottenthal family also stayed in the house. He found it unnecessary to lock up the old powderhorns, pewter tableware, candlesticks and such knickknacks left on the side tables when the owners vacated the house. The GIs appreciated the difference between souvenir collecting—like taking a Luger where you find it—and looting of private property.

So, at supper time, Company K drew up rush-bottomed chairs maybe a couple of hundred years old, to a hand-carved table made in the Eighteenth Century and ate C rations by the glow of a 200-year-old iron lantern, while a row of 40 Tyrolean ancestors of present and past landed gentry of the manor stared down with what seemed in the uncertain light like astonishment on their stiff, painted faces.

—Cpl. IRA FREEMAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Pfc. Blanchard gives passengers personal attention.

Wacs Aloft

PARIS—Many of us who were not even specialists sixth-class at Schofield Barracks in the old days can remember when a ride in an Army transport plane was not something you undertook voluntarily. The best seats were on top of the barracks bags, but these were always grabbed first so you sweated it out with your neck arched against a rib of the fuselage and your undercarriage wedged into a muffin tin. That was before the Wacs took over as they have done on the several daily Air Transport Command runs between London and Paris.

Now you squash into a plush seat, and a Wac wearing air-crew wings looks after you. She makes a little speech, telling you that this is an airplane and she is a flight traffic clerk and that there are plenty of urp bags in her Case, Navigation, Dead Reckoning, Type A-4. There are also pajamas, silk, two-piece, in case she has to RON (remain overnight), but that isn't part of the speech. She tucks you into your safety belt and, after takeoff, unshackles you and brings magazines and coffee. This hovering care is unnerving, but it is helpful to dwell on the fact that there are only 10 such Wac flight clerks in the world so far, and anytime you feel like going back to bucket seats, there is always the Pacific.

The Wacs themselves were a bit edgy about the set-up at the start, but they'll be collecting their first flight pay soon and that is a calming factor.

The girls on this job were sifted out by an examining board that included Capt. Elsie M. Sykora of Maple Lake, Minn. The captain would not need bars on her shoulder to get second glances on the street, and none of the Wacs she okayed as flight clerks have to wear gunny-sacks over their faces either. It is possible that the examining board had some theories about how to keep a passenger's mind off airsickness, or motion sickness as it is known in the trade.

Pfc. Martha J. Blanchard, for instance, is a willowy blonde who used to be a railway clerk in Dallas, Tex. Even in Paris, where GIs are hardened to the spectacle of French fillies in short skirts whisking by on bikes, Martha held her own in the whistling division. She was, in fact, the first Wac flight clerk seen by daylight on the boulevards of Paris. And that brings up some of the less luminous sidelights of the shuttle job across the English Channel.

It is all very well for a girl to be able to tell her grandchildren that she used to fly from London to Paris every day, but the facts are these: Wac flight clerks see very little of either London or Paris. Their flight-rotation schedule is such that they ordinarily land at the ATC field several miles from Paris and take off for London an hour later. From the detachment HQ in England it takes a special 24-hour pass to go farther than 25 miles off the field. London is 28 miles away.

This does not make sparkling stuff for the grandchildren.

Nor do the routine chores: checking the passenger manifests, loading cups, water, coffee and motion-sickness pellets, and making sure the cabin is fit for the eye of any ATC inspector that might climb aboard. None of this seems to be boring to the Wacs. They scan each manifest breathlessly, because there are many government, military and theatrical bigwigs hitting the ETO right now. Martha Blanchard has "carried" Lucien Lelong, the big perfume and lipstick merchant. Her crewmates have carried Mrs. Randolph Churchill and a basketful of generals.

—Sgt. GEORG MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Literary Trend

MUNICH, GERMANY—There won't be any official book-burnings in Occupied Germany, but the American authorities are encouraging the people to do their own purging of Nazi, nationalist, militarist and racialist "literature." One result of this program showed up here when the first Munich bookstore reopened since the capture of the city. The shelves were lined with hundreds of copies of a weighty tome called "How to Care For Your Nerves."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Magic Molars

NEW GUINEA—A corporal in a QM Company operating here has learned how to put teeth into the law in dealing with native labor.

Unused to military discipline or modern production methods, the native workers could not be made to take their work seriously, and the corporal had exhausted all of the known methods of persuasion and coercion in futile efforts to step up production. In a final burst of expostulation, the corporal's store teeth popped from his mouth, but were recovered immediately and put back into place again.

The effect was electric and caused great consternation among the natives, who tried unsuccessfully to emulate the corporal's molar-shedding ability. From that time on the corporal has been looked upon with respect and awe and his slightest order is obeyed with alacrity.

—YANK Field Correspondent

Satisfied Soldier

FORT MORROW, ALASKA—"Some guys don't know when they're well off" might be the title of this tale. T/Sgt. Victor B. Cantin has a higher critical score than anyone else in the 120th Army Airways Communications squadron—110 points, from time in Alaska and the ETO, six years service, and two dependents. Other men, who would give their big toes for his excess points, were amazed when the lank Mississippian requested that he stay in until VJ-Day.

Control tower chief T/Sgt. Cantin gets paid more than many junior officers—what with longevity, overseas pay, and dependency allotments. So he'll be content if he's transferred out of his present desolate post.

—Cpl. WILLIAM C. GOOD
YANK Field Correspondent

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BERLIN TODAY

Occupied Berlin is the German problem in miniature. There are three armies of occupation, there are night clubs; there is hunger; and the winter will be tough.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

BERLIN—Pvt. Luba Rosenowa, the blue-eyed, brown-haired Russian girl who directs traffic near the *Brandenberger Tor* in the center of Berlin, was saying that she liked being in the Red Army very much thanks.

"Of course, I do not wish that it will be a permanent thing," she said, "but I am but 19 and there is still much time for me."

She explained that she had met a French soldier in the German PW camp near Madgeburg in which she had been a prisoner for two years and that they were planning to be married.

"We are much in love and I think it will somehow be possible," she said. But meantime, yes the Army was a good life.

"I am well-fed and I am seeing great things," she continued.

A dull-eyed woman stepped out of the crowd of curious civilians and stuck out a thickly-coated tongue at Pvt. Rosenowa.

"You are well-fed," said the German woman who was wearing a pair of very large men's shoes and whose dirty blue dress was patched in four places. "You are well-fed and we Germans starve." Then she spat.

Pvt. Rosenowa spoke to the woman in the halting German she had learned in Madgeburg.

"I am sorry for you," she said. "You are such a fool. You were unable to get your arms high enough to *heil* your Hitler and now look at what he has done to you." The Russian girl glanced at the ruins lining both sides of what was once the proudest street in Berlin. "I think you are a fool and I am sorry for you," she repeated.

The German woman walked away mumbling and joined the crowds of middle-aged *fraus* walking toward the *Tiergarten* to search the grounds for scraps of firewood.

They were among the thousands of poorly dressed middle-aged men and women everywhere on the streets of Berlin just now. Most of the young men still wear their tattered and rain-soaked green uniforms. You see them trudging along the roads leading into the city, thousands of them, their heads down.

The prettiest of the young girls are in the handful of bars and night clubs now open, looking smart or dowdy depending on the quality of the place, wearing very little make-up because none is available and smiling the familiar smile of the *Champs Elysees* of Paris or the Piccadilly of London. Their love is very reasonable compared to the French and English variety, however. Five cigarettes is at the moment the standard rate of exchange.

The less attractive young women have joined their elders in the labor brigades that are clearing the rubble of Berlin the way it was done a thousand years ago, piece after piece passing from hand to hand. Not even shovels are available.

These city-wide brigades, including women up to the age of 55, work 10 hours a day six days a week and receive 72 *pfennigs*—less than 10 cents—an hour. If a man or a woman does not choose to work he receives no food ration card.

There is, of course, some hunger in Berlin. Along *Berliner Strasser* an avid crowd was cutting flesh from the carcass of a bloated dead horse. In *Potsdamer Platz* more than 20 old women, girls and boys were scooping up handsful of oats dropped from a passing Russian wagon. The oats they would grind into rough flour for making bread.

A typical menu for the family of Herr Kurt Leisser, who is doing manual labor in the temporary town hall, is a cup of tea and a slice of black bread each for himself, his wife and his six children for breakfast. For dinner, each gets potato soup made with one onion, one potato and half a pint of milk; a small portion of mashed potatoes and an infinitesimal helping of cauliflower. For supper there are two small boiled potatoes each and another thin slice of bread. During the month of June families of most of the men and women doing manual labor got meat—usually beef—on the average of once a week. This month there has as yet been no meat ration at all for many sections of the city.

Of the five grades of ration ticket, those issued to laborers are the most generous with the exception of those for a few city officials and highly skilled professional men: doctors, lawyers, engineers, and scientists.

There is no real starvation in this city of 3,000,000 people—now. What will happen when winter comes, no one in the Russian, American or British Military Government teams will predict.

Neither will Dr. Arthur Werner, an engineer, educator and now *oberbuergomeister* (lord mayor) of Berlin.

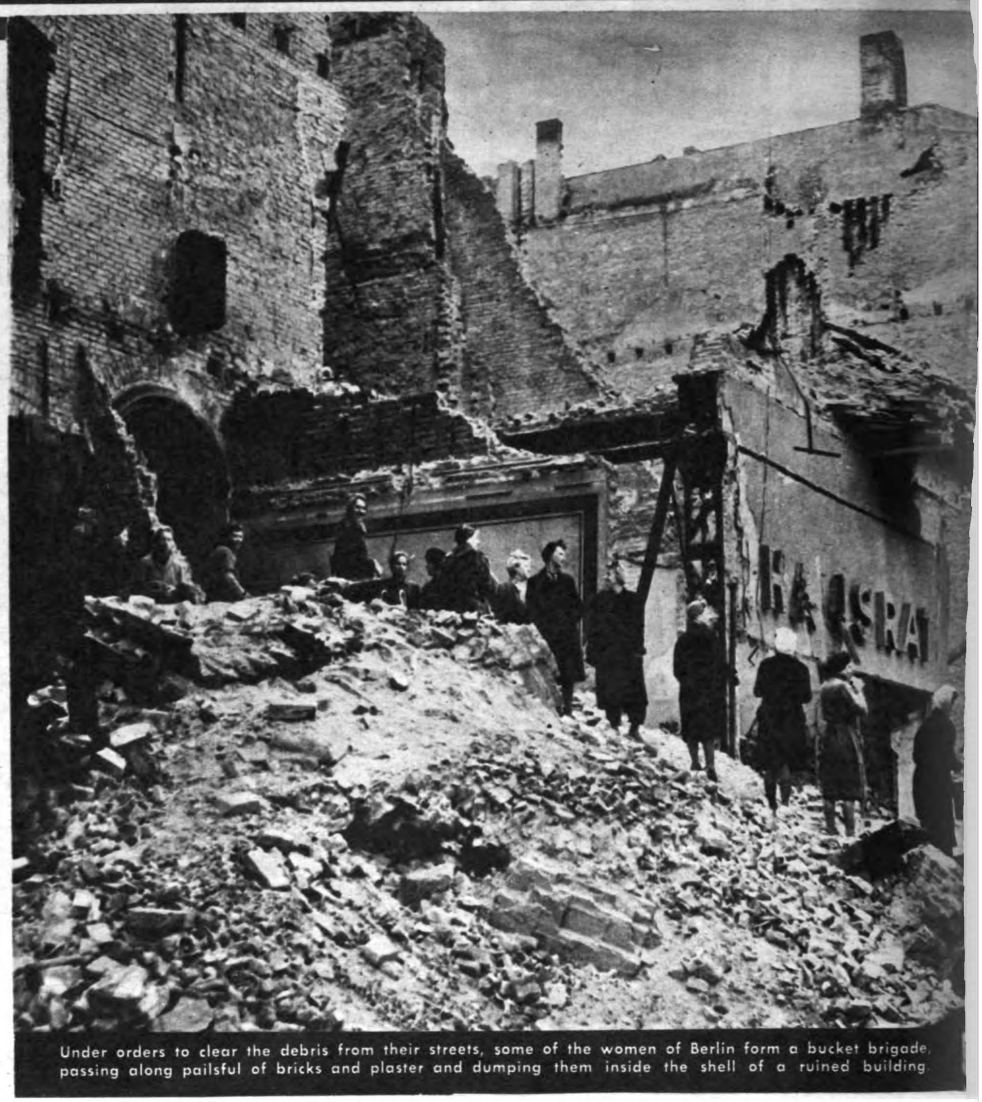
Dr. Werner placed a Chesterfield on his desk.

"If you will forgive me," he said, "I will have such a luxury as this on Sunday. Such a gift is for a time of relaxation and quiet."

The lord mayor and his council of magistrates and *buergomeisters* of the 20 districts of Berlin were all chosen by Red Army officers who, about two months ago, inaugurated the military government of Berlin.

The Russians have done what Col. Frank Howley of Philadelphia, the military governor of the American sector of the city, calls "a crackerjack job."

A SURPRISINGLY few of the city officials are Communists. Dr. Werner, for example, is what he calls a "non-political" man. He was never a member of any party but for years had headed one of the best-known private technical schools in Germany, preparing scientists for doctor of philosophy degrees. Three times he was arrested by the Gestapo but each time he was released. In 1942 his school was taken because he was known as "an enemy of the state." A year ago in July shortly after the attempt on Hitler's life



Under orders to clear the debris from their streets, some of the women of Berlin form a bucket brigade, passing along pailsful of bricks and plaster and dumping them inside the shell of a ruined building.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Transportation is a problem for Berliners. Commuters have to stand in line for a bus seat or just walk.

A couple of Wacs try a conversation with a Russian girl cop who directs traffic on *Unter den Linden*.

he was held on suspicion of having something to do with it but was released for lack of evidence.

"I was known as an anti-fascist," Dr. Werner explained, "and it was my former students really, those who have not died in concentration camps, who persuaded me to become head of the city government. It was a duty I could not refuse."

The majority of officials under Dr. Werner are Social Democrats, members of the Christian Democratic Union and Communists. Some, like the doctor, are not members of any party but were chosen simply because they had a clear anti-fascist record.

There are still some Nazis in the municipal government. Dr. Werner admits it but he says: "They will be dismissed within days, I think a few weeks at the most." What is more, known Nazis who cannot be replaced at the moment, no matter how important their jobs, receive only 72 *pfennigs* an hour, the same as laborers on the street.

From May 1 to July 1, according to Dr. Werner, 11,766 Nazis were fired from municipal government jobs. The police force of 10,000 men is entirely new. Wearing the uniform used by the Berlin police before the Nazis took over in 1933, the new policemen were chosen in part from eligible men who suffered most under the Nazis.

"Such men are less likely to be tyrannical in manner," said Dr. Werner.

German policemen are authorized to make arrests and most of Berlin's courts have been reopened. In general, the American military governor believes the courts are completely de-Nazified. In addition many of the schools are now operating on a somewhat informal basis. School days usually last only two hours but those who taught under the Nazis have, Dr. Werner says, "been arrested, have fled or have simply been discharged." Old textbooks are gone too and, since there has been no time to print new ones, many of the classes consist simply in discussions of the news in the three papers now being published here—*Berliner Zeitung*, put out by the city government, *Taegliche Rundschau*, published by the Red Army for the Germans, and *Volkszeitung*, the Communist Party daily.

There is not enough newsprint to supply enough copies of the papers to meet the demand and in the afternoon hours before they are placed on sale, lines two and three blocks long form at newsstands. Copies of papers are also tacked on bulletin boards at busy intersections.

The papers, which are usually four pages of tabloid size, contain summaries of world news with a slight emphasis on the doings of the Soviet Union, official announcements and recently long articles on the atrocities of Buchenwald and Dachau. As this is written none of the three has mentioned that American and British occupation troops are in the city but all of them have carried detailed accounts of the newly occupied Russian sectors of Germany.

Some of Berlin's subways are operating slowly. It usually takes 45 minutes to go five miles. There are some buses, almost all with their windows boarded up, and a few connecting cars, but always all public transportation ceases abruptly every few blocks because of still unrepaired holes or rubble in the streets.

There are some telephones, not many except in the public buildings and in hospitals. Most of the hospitals are operating, but usually with inadequate staffs and few drugs. Radio Berlin is back on the air, under close supervision by the Russians, broadcasting music, sports events and news, again with a slight emphasis on the USSR.

The water system is working and in most districts there are electric lights.

It has been a cold and unpleasant summer in Berlin, but the Red Army says that has been fortunate. No one knows how many thousands of dead are buried under the miles of destroyed buildings and if the rain and cold had not killed many of the flies, there might be widespread disease. As it is there is a good deal of dysentery, but there was, according to city officials, only one death from typhus during June.

It is almost impossible to avoid the fetid odor of death even in what remains of the Air Ministry and the ruins of the Chancellory.

"It is an odor familiar to the Red Army," said Maj. Feodorovitch Platonov, commandant of the chancellory area, who was a combat commander in the battle for Berlin. Maj. Platonov who has a shrapnel scar on his neck and a slight limp from a leg wound is one of the many in Berlin who are certain that Adolf Hitler is still alive.

In Hitler's now-flooded air-raid shelter on the chancellory grounds he pointed out the spot where the bodies of Goebbels' wife and his four children were found, all poisoned and, just outside the shelter spot where Red Army soldiers found the body of the propaganda minister himself, a neat bullet hole in his head.

OUTSIDE one of Hitler's once swank chancellory offices, the major indicated the spot where the body purporting to be that of *Der Fuehrer* was discovered when Platonov and his troops fought their way into the grounds.

"It has been examined by Russian experts," he declared, "and it was not Adolf Hitler. Indeed it was a poor imitation of that little man." No body even faintly resembling that of Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress, has been found, Maj. Platonov said.

"It is possible that the man wishes to surround himself with the legend of Jesus Christ," said the major. "He will not, I think, succeed."

In the evenings the Russians as well as the civil population of the city can attend concerts in the halls still intact (the Berlin Philharmonic is giving concerts four times a week minus only a few of its members who were too ardent Nazis) or attend movies or theaters which are still standing. The movies are mainly Russian at the present with a few non-political German films; the plays are usually German classics.

There are also spots like the famous Femina Cabaret just off *Wittenberg Platz*, the *Champs Elysees* of Berlin. The Femina is open every afternoon from four until six and in the evening from seven until ten, and if one is willing to pay prices similar to those of Paris, a cocktail which is nothing more than water faintly colored with wine and tea are available. Black market food includes steaks, potatoes, occasional vegetables and black bread.

Those who knew Berlin before the war say the Femina is quite unchanged in appearance—with the buildings on all sides of it bombed away. Inside, the cabaret looks as smart as Cafe Society Uptown or any swank night club in New York—except for the absence of telephones, which used to be on every table and by which a male customer could ring one of the young women at a nearby table and ask her over for a drink. The young women, still smartly dressed, are present, however, and a nod or a half-smile is enough to summon them now.

The cabaret's management has also changed

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

since one of the Hoffman brothers, who operated it under the Nazis, was arrested by the Russians and the other fled. The new owners are Gert Pagel and Pierre Naida, both Jewish, one of whom escaped from a concentration camp after months on a mine-detonating detail, the other who was one of thousands of Jews hidden in Berlin attics and cellars during the Nazi regime.

"We had had experience with night clubs," Pagel explained, "and it is the policy of the Russians to aid those who have suffered under Hitler. So they say to us, 'Open this cabaret. It is our wish that the people of Berlin sing and dance whenever they can; they are so filled with troubles!' "

THE Femina, like the equally famous *Kabaret Der Kominer* and half a dozen other night spots, is crowded with Russian officers, a few noncoms who can afford its prices and now some American and British officers and men. No one seems to know where the girls at the tables and the bars get their smart clothes, how they manage to look so well fed or where in the rubble of Berlin they live.

"There are such people everywhere," explained Herr Pagel, pointing to a blonde beauty who was jitterbugging with a dark-skinned, long-haired and thin-waisted young man. "They live on love and air, I believe. There is nothing more than that for them in Berlin."

As in the rest of Germany, there is of course not a single citizen in all of Berlin who has supported the Nazi gang. Every pious German who begs for a cigarette or a bar of chocolate was, he will tell you, an ardent anti-Nazi. Frau Johanna Mueller, an attractive woman of about 50 who was clearing rubble dressed in what undoubtedly had once been a smart black silk creation, now gray with dust and torn in several spots, is typical.

Frau Mueller wished to inform all Americans that she was delighted to see them; she spoke English very well and had a brother in New York City and she was hoping that any day now the Americans would help her drive the barbaric Russians from Berlin.

"They are savages," Frau Mueller declared pointing to a blonde, young Russian with a tommy gun slung over his shoulder. "They have ruined our city."

It was pointed out that much of the bomb damage of Berlin was made by the RAF and U. S. Air Forces. "*Ja*," said Frau Mueller, "but we're at war, a foolish war caused by that mad man and his crazy followers."

Was Frau Mueller a Nazi? "I hated them all. I could spit on them." But was Frau Mueller a Nazi? "It is true that my husband, now dead, joined the party, but that only because he was forced to do so to work and he said many things against the Nazis, always many things."

And whose fault did Frau Mueller think it was that Berlin was in ruins? What of Rotterdam, and Warsaw and London?

"*Ja*, that mad man did it, did it all." Did Frau Mueller ever attend party rallies? "*Ja*, it was required but I said many things quietly."

And how did Frau Mueller view the future of Berlin? "There is no doubt of it now. The Americans and the Germans must join to fight the barbaric hordes from the East, the Russians. They are savage people, interested only in rape and plunder."

Did Frau Mueller know nothing of the rape and plunder of the German Army, or had she not read in the *Berliner Zeitung* of Buchenwald?

"These things are not known to me," she said. "And if such things were they were the fault of high Nazis. I was only a little person without influence or power and so alone you understand and you must know also how many things I said against those Nazis, always quietly because there was so much danger."

Genuine anti-Nazis are not so easy to find. Frau Erne Stock, a graying woman of 59, was fired from her job as official librarian in one of the Berlin courts because she was a Social Democrat and because she refused to join the Nazi party. That was in March 1933 and she has not worked since, although the savings of her late husband, a famous German scientist who died in 1927, are now non-existent.

During the last 12 years she has seldom left her now partly-destroyed house "because I knew if I were to see one of those scum I would strike him, small as I am." And also there was almost always at least one Jew hidden in her home. In 12 years, Frau Stock estimates (and her statements are backed by her neighbors, many of whom still believe her of "questionable loyalty") she hid and helped more than 50 Jews escape from the Nazis.

SEVERAL times she was held by the Gestapo for questioning "but always they released me because they were stupid men and scum and I was too clever for them. Besides they thought me too old and small to be dangerous to them."

The leaders in all the parties agree with Herr Hermann Stoesser, who worked for the American Embassy from 1926 until December 1931 and then until April of this year for the Swiss Embassy here. "The German people must know all that they have been responsible for by their support," Herr Stoesser declared. "They must be told the entire story of the suffering and death they have made throughout the world. They must have their noses rubbed in the stink of Dachau and in the stink of the German nation under the Nazis. And perhaps it would be well to preserve some of the ruin of Berlin so that they will never forget it."

In general Herr Stoesser's plan for retaining some of the destruction of Berlin is likely to be followed, principally because there are no plans for rebuilding any substantial parts of the city either on the part of the Allied Military Government officers here or the new German officials. Like all of Berlin, the Allied Military Government is not looking much beyond tomorrow—principally because the future is so uncertain. It would, Dr. Werner believes, take about 150 years for the men and women working in the labor brigades to clear up all the rubble—and nobody has figured out what is to be done with the rubble. Only whole bricks are being saved. The differences between the Russian Military Government and that of the *British* and *American* are numerous. For example, the Russians allow and encourage theaters and entertainment in their zone of occupation. The Americans and British forbid any congregation of Germans. The Russians permit anti-fascist political parties to operate; the Americans and British forbid the Germans any political activity.

The waterworks of Berlin are in the American sector; the Russians have the central electric power in the city; the Berlin sector is the origin point of much of the public transportation. Will the water mains and the electric power be cut off at the borders between the sectors? Will transportation be stopped when it reaches the American zone?

The newspapers are all published in the Russian sector. Can the *Berliner Zeitung* be allowed to be read by Berliners living in other zones? These are questions still unsolved, not to mention the problems of food. To date, the Berliners have been fed by the Russians mainly from the *Wehrmacht* supplies stored in the city and with the food brought from the countryside around Berlin, all of which is occupied by the Russians. But that food supply is running low and the countrysides are being stripped for immediate feeding. It is generally agreed that food must be imported from somewhere or Berlin will be starving late this fall and winter. There is almost no coal supply in the city and none available in the immediate area.

All over the city are huge signs printed in German but erected by the Russians, pointing out that "We are not trying to destroy the German people, but only the Nazis and the German militarists," or "The experiences of history show that Hitlers come and go, but that the German people and the German state remain." Most of these signs are signed by Stalin. The American and British policy to date, at least, has been to emphasize that the war just ended was a war against the German people. But the Russian signs are still standing in the American and British sectors and nobody seems to know whether they should be taken down.

As far as the American and British GIs stationed here are concerned, the most important problem used to be non-fraternization. The Red Army had no such policy and there were German girls riding in Russian-driven jeeps and staff cars, on the numerous horse-drawn wagons with Russians soldiers, *frauleins* walking arm in arm down the street with Russians and dancing with them in night clubs, waiting for them outside their billets. Already there have been marriages of Russian enlisted men and girls of Berlin.

AT the moment, Berlin is just a pretty good soldier town for GIs of military government teams and the 2d Armored Division (soon to be replaced by the 1st Allied Airborne Army) stationed here. A single cigarette brings 15 to 25 marks on the black market—that is from $1.40 to $2.50—and there's a miniature black market on every street corner. One pack of cigarettes and chocolate can be exchanged for a practically new Leica camera. Two candy bars can be traded for a radio in fairly good condition.

There is a Red Cross dugout and an already-operating GI's theater. Sightseeing tours throughout the city are still possible.

Almost all of the few remaining Russian girls acting as traffic cops are young and attractive and Russian soldiers are friendly and helpful.

So far there have been only a few incidents of inter-Allied friction on the GI level. Occasionally American soldiers, out after curfew, are fired at if they don't stop at the command of the Russian guards. Apparently they fire in the air, though, because nobody has been hit yet. And almost every night a few Russian soldiers on the street after 10:30 are picked up by American MPs.

There is no trouble with souvenir hunting because the Russians apparently have no use for knick-knacks. They liberate only what has practical use and think Americans incredible fools for collecting water-soaked stationery with Hitler's seal on it and muddy iron crosses and dirty Nazi flags. "For what will you use such things?" they ask. A question to which, of course, there is no answer. But Russian soldiers seem to have a supply of vodka while the GIs here can't get liquor at all.

A single glass of vodka drunk Russian style and the whole world has a magnificant old-rose hue and language difficulties present no barriers at all to friendship.

This is what was left of the gardens outside of the *Reich* chancellery where the *Fuehrer* used to strut.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Unsung Hero

Pvt. Moravick doesn't ask much from the Army—just recognition of his talents and a pass now and then, but does the Army ever come across? No.

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LUZON, THE PHILIPPINES—Pvt. Leslie Moravick, dog-robber in the officers' mess at an air base here on Luzon, has seen a lot of crap thrown at people in his three years in the Army, but he can't remember having ever seen a soldier more put upon than himself. In his present assignment, he says, he has had so much crap thrown at him that he is just about at the point of upping and quitting. The hell with them all, he says.

Moravick will tell you readily that he is not usually PO'd to any great degree. He enlisted in the Army, he says, and has only himself to blame for his troubles.

The troubles can be divided into three parts. First, he has not been paid for more months than he can remember. Secondly, the local brass (or The Wheels Around Here, as Moravick calls them) have wilfully deprived him of his four valued Filipino assistants and left him to whistle for replacements. Finally, he has been wanting for weeks to take off for Manila and his last four attempts have been screwed up by vicious forces around him.

Although the Army has some slight justification for its having failed to pay him for so long, the situation has become extremely irritating to Moravick and he is not reluctant to say so to anyone who will listen. The conflict between Moravick and the Army about the pay goes back to the time when Moravick was serving in New Guinea as a pfc. When he tried for a master sergeant's job for which he felt he was fully qualified, the Wheels Around There made him a dog-robber at £10 a month. When he applied for an assistant crew chief's position which carried a tech sergeancy, the Wheels put him into the kitchen. Moravick contended that he was no cook and that the Army did not have the authority to force him into the job. He went to the Chief Wheel and told him as much. "I ain't a cook," he told the Chief Wheel, "and you can't make me one. It ain't in the books." The Chief Wheel explained that, whether it was in the books or not, it was a direct order. Since the Chief Wheel was a full chicken colonel, Moravick went into the kitchen and served as a can-opener for several months. He disliked New Guinea as much as he disliked opening cans (there were rats running around all over everywhere, he says, and snakes in his goddam bed all the time), so he took off for the pleasanter atmosphere of Australia.

Moravick spent, in all, 4½ months in Australia and returned to New Guinea, he says, only when he got goddam good and ready. In Australia he met a charming and congenial young woman who was not already tied up romantically and he spent most of his 4½-month furlough with her. He drew $100 as "partial pay" from the Army by presenting his pay book here and there, and his lady-friend gave him an allowance of £2 a day for "pub money." Since the lady-friend worked, Moravick spent most of his time during the day fishing or hanging around the pubs and, all in all, considers his leave well spent.

WHEN he returned to his outfit in Guinea, the Wheels were almost boisterous in welcoming him back. They reclassified him from pfc to private, restricted him for two weeks and deprived him of two-thirds of his pay for six months. They also ruled that, since he was not entitled to pay for his time in Australia, his partial payments made him $100 "overdrawn," as Moravick puts it, and he would have to make that amount good when the six months were up. Although he gets 30 pesos a month at dog-robbing and has on occasion entered a crap game with two pesos and come out with as much as 600 pesos, the Army's deductions from his normal wage have played hell with his financial stability and he feels it's high time he was back on salary.

The matter of losing his four Filipino assistants—dishwashers, sweepers, table-waiters, etc.—was largely SOP, but Pvt. Moravick feels that it was done more through petty viciousness than through military necessity. The four assistants went around barefooted, as God has made them, and they had picked up harmless cases of worms as a result. The medical officer became acquainted with this situation and relieved them all from duty until the worms could be purged from them. During their period of inactive status Moravick has had to do all of their work himself and, although the added work is not too heavy, it deprives him of much spare time that he could otherwise devote to leisure and social advancement. Moravick is highly indignant about the whole business. Worms, he says, are not contagious and he defies anyone to prove to him that they are.

THE persistent hold-up on the Manila deal is the thing that hurts Moravick most, he says. To aggravate the injury, none of his associates, either meatballs or Wheels, will ever acknowledge his right to go to Manila or the injustice of his not being allowed to go. When he speaks of the matter to Palestrino in his bitter and caustic way, Palestrino will ask him to come in later and discuss the matter in Palestrino's private office, a luxury which Palestrino does not have. Or he will tell Moravick that he can have the pass at any time he goes for six consecutive days without oversleeping and showing up late at the mess.

Pvt. Moravick feels that his chief trouble is that somewhere along the line someone must have tagged him as a general goof-off. This, he feels, is an inaccurate and unfair conception of him. His only reason for sticking to dog-robbing is that it keeps him off KP, where he figures he has spent at least one-third of his time in the Army. He is quick to point out that he has been a Wheel himself in his day and that he never goofed off in the Army until They sent him overseas.

In the Army he has won three Good Conduct Medals, only one of which he ever wears at a time, and he has seen the day when he was in charge of a dog-robbing department caring for as many as 280 officers, including Major (then captain) Bong and several other hot rocks. He caught a piece of shrapnel once when he was diving into a foxhole but was never given the Purple Heart, probably because some Wheel goofed off. He has the death of one-third of a Jap soldier to his credit; he and two other guys were out hunting one day in Guinea and the Jap soldier had his back turned to them when he stuck his head out of his hole.

Moravick was always a model soldier in the States, he says—always up when the whistle blew, never on sick call even when he was sick—until he saw that it was no use. He was busted from corporal to private after the night when he showed up at the gate three minutes late after midnight and refused to take a pro. That was in Savannah, Ga. He had been indulging in no pastime which called for a pro, he says, and he told the guard as much. Upon his refusal to take the pro, the guard called the corporal of the guard, who was likewise refused, and the argument was taken as far as the officer of the day. "There ain't a thing in the books," he told them, "that says you can make me take a pro when I don't need no pro." He explained the same thing to his CO the next morning and the CO agreed with him in every respect. "Then what's the bitch now?" Moravick demanded when the CO started reaching for his two stripes. "Insubordination," said the CO, and Moravick was a private again.

That, says Moravick, is the Army for you.

Pvt. Moravick has aired his feelings so often, so loudly and to such large audiences that they are by this time matters of record and public knowledge. He is, however, still sweating out pay, personnel and the pass to Manila.

THE feelings of his associates toward Moravick's tribulations were best stated by Capt. Rosenwasser, the assistant personnel officer, when Moravick called him on the carpet the other day. "Leslie," said Capt. Rosenwasser, "there is nobody who would like to see somebody who is in a position to do something about it more than I. But who can do what?"

This to Moravick summed up all of the hypocrisy and indifference to which he has so long been victim. "All right, then," he said to the captain and the small crowd that had gathered, "I just want it known that I don't have to put up with this crap forever. Any time I want to, I can walk out of that goddam messhall and say the hell with all of you and never come back. I don't have to keep this job any longer than I want to, and if I don't want to be a dog-robber I don't have to be one. There ain't anything in the books that says you can make me."

"We'll see," says Capt. Rosenwesser. "We'll see."

He explained the same thing to his CO the next morning and the CO agreed with him in every respect.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Up the MISSISSIPPI

THE Mississippi river and a principal tributary, the Ohio, wind through 14 states in the center of America. For many of the 3,000,000 men and women from those states who are now in the armed forces, a river picture comes near being a letter from home. On this and the following three pages YANK presents such a letter: the pictorial log of a 1945 trip up the Mississippi and Ohio, from New Orleans to Cincinnati. YANK photographer Sgt. George Aarons made the trip on the last river passenger steamer now operating in America, the sternwheeler Gordon C. Greene. She is the only survivor of what was once America's principal means of transportation. The Mississippi river system, a natural highway covering more than 3,500 miles of the heart of the land, once counted thousands of such steamers which offered the only de luxe long distance travel available to inland America. With the passing of that passenger service, most of the color of the Mark Twain days is gone. But the rivers of America are far from dead. Now they are freight handlers exclusively, with annual tonnages 10 times greater than in the days when Cameo Kirby gambled and the packets raced. Last year the Mississippi and the Ohio handled well over 50,000,000 tons of coal, oil, and munitions. The cruise pictured here is the upstream portion of a 20-day round trip which the Gordon C. makes between Cincinnati and New Orleans twice a year. The steamer has all of the last-century glamor people invariably associate with the river. Her main cabin contains the white gingerbread and scrimshaw woodwork that in the packet heyday was the symbol of the utmost in luxury. It was while on a sister ship of the Gordon C. that Christopher Morley, the author, described its main cabin as "a tunnel through a coconut cake." Her other regularly scheduled trips on the Kanawha, Tennessee and Upper Mississippi rivers have made the Gordon C. Greene a familiar name in practically every river town in the Middle West.

1. This is the Str. Gordon C. Greene, under way at cruising speed of 8 mph. About 180 feet long, she accommodated 190 people in the staterooms on her three decks. Her oil-fired boilers, with a 240-pound head of steam, provided 900 hp. for each of her two engines. The paddlewheel, 27 feet long and 22½ feet in diameter, made 375,000 revolutions in pushing the steamer from the New Orleans riverfront to the wh

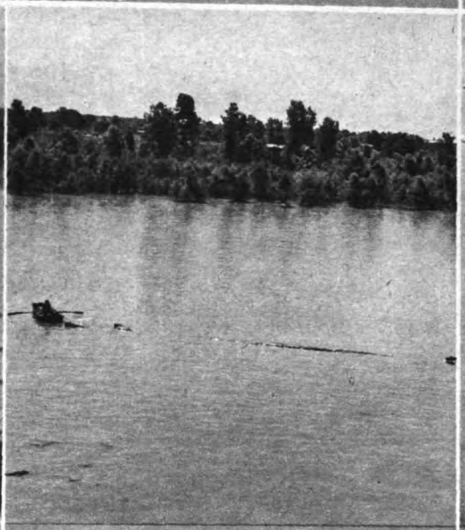
Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

2. Upstream trip began at New Orleans wharf. Leaving, she passed this excursion steamer and sea-going armed cargo ship.

3. Bill Welch, 16, one of several boys who helped solve the deckhand shortage, had a qualified teacher in oldtimer Ben Yates.

4. A little way out of New Orleans these boys were waiting for their preacher to give them an old-fashioned river baptism.

5. After the steamer got going, her skipper, Capt. Tom R. Greene, found time to pose for this picture. He heads the Greene Line.



6. Just below Baton Rouge we passed this johnboater, pulling a big drift log to shore. As firewood, the log meant money to him.

7. Ashore for a brief stop above Baton Rouge, passengers saw this old fisherman seated and ready for the catfish to begin biting.

8. Towboats like this one were to be seen, but their type has become scarcer each year as the propeller gradually replaced the sternwheel. Of 87 boats built since 1941, only two have been of sternwheel type.

9. This type has practically edged out the sternwheelers—the all-metal screw. Diesel survey of postwar planning has shown that almost all river vessels now on the drawing boards are propeller-equipped

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

10. The sign gave just enough shade for these folks to watch the levee in comfort. Lake Ferguson was really an old unused riverbed.

11. Above Greenville these Mississippi misses borrowed a rowboat for a morning's outing. Current was too swift for leisurely boating.

12. Passengers at the Helena, Ark., wharf found that in these days machines tote the bales. The cotton was ready for shipment north.

13. Between Helena and Memphis the steamer passed this newly completed LST. A river pilot took it as far as the Gulf of Mexico.

14. One night of the cruise featured entertainment by the maids and waiters. Alfred, here, tapdanced; the maids sang spirituals.

15. Just above Paducah, Ky., we saw where the Tennessee (right) flows into the Ohio. Spit of land between is Livingston Point, Ky.

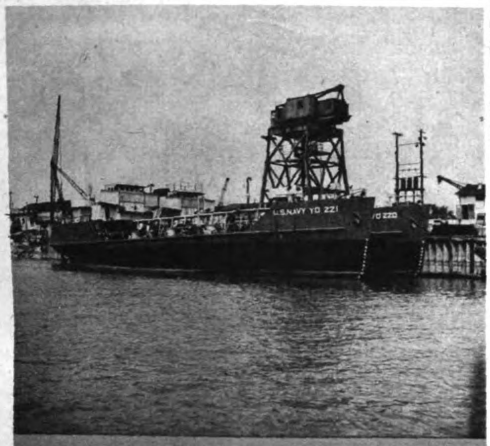
16. Passengers got gifts for the boat's newlyweds: Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sullivan; and Sgt. and Mrs. Ed VanDyne. Van Dyne's an ETO vet.

17. We locked through Dam No. 46 below Owensboro, Ky., one of 15 dams steamer passed between Ohio's mouth and Cincinnati

18. At Owensboro, the Gordon C. tied up for two hours [illegible] the passengers got off to see [illegible] to look over the Gordon C. [illegible] to even things up, a lot of people from town [illegible] nice day for a walk, most of [illegible] colorful sternwheeler is still [illegible]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

19. Near Louisville, Ky., this triple-deck barge loaded with Army trucks lay at a towhead, waiting for a towboat to move it down.

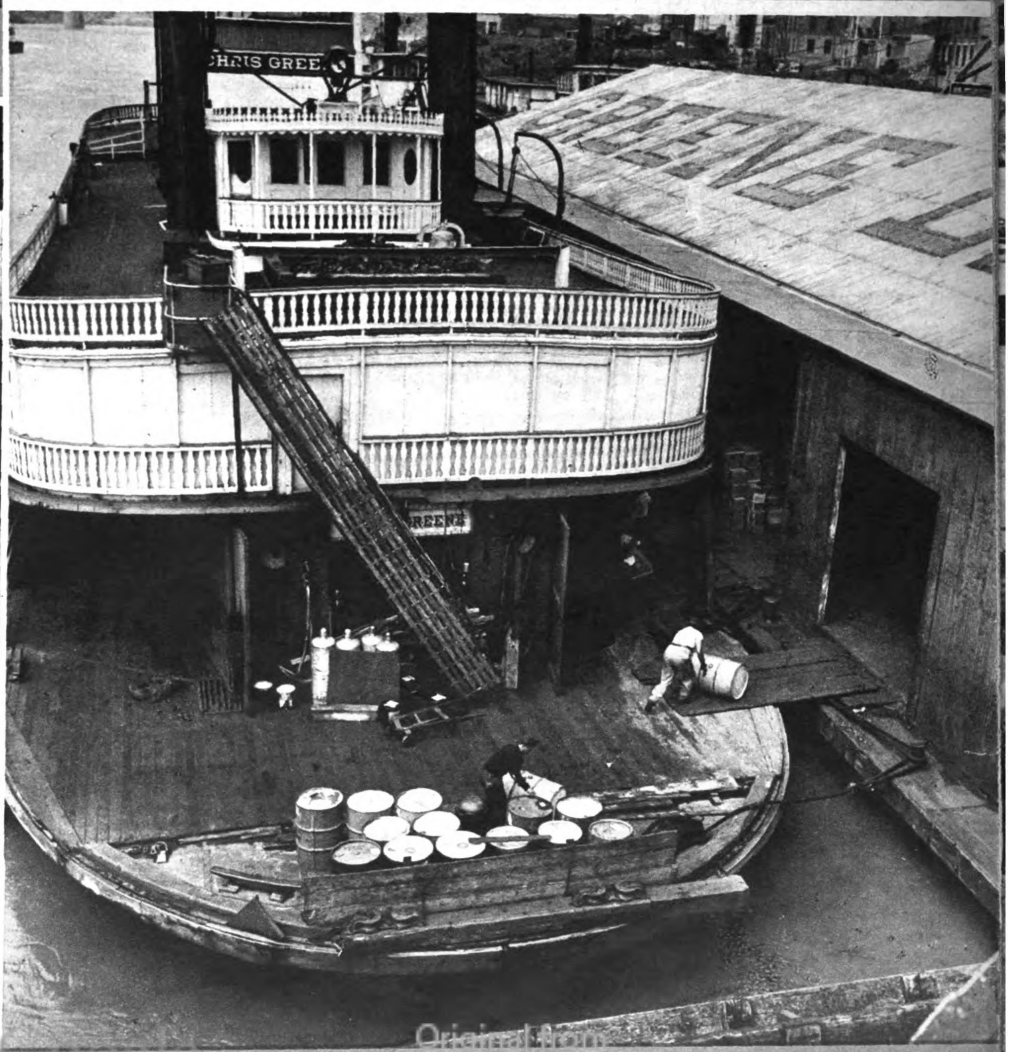


20. This boatworks, like many set up almost overnight in fields along U. S. rivers, was at Jeffersonville, Ind., making Navy oilers.

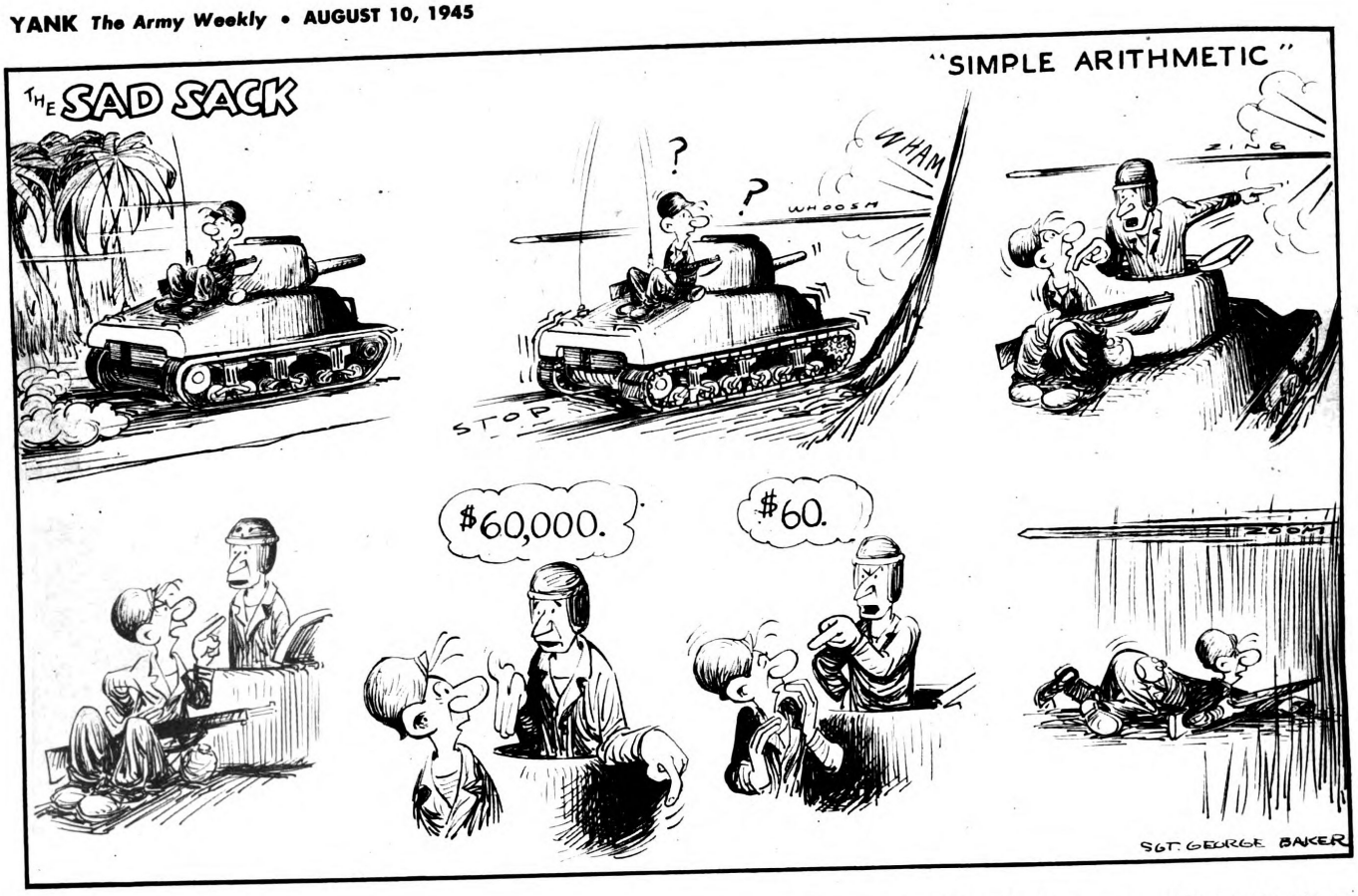
21. The pilot had this view of the Ohio above Jeffersonville. He didn't turn the wheel by hand; lever-controlled steam power did it.

22. Most of the passengers were content to pass the trip in an easy chair on the Texas deck, watching views like this one of Madison, Ind.

23. Although she does little piloting now, Capt. Mary B. Greene took over the wheel to show that she still knows how. Today she's the only licensed woman pilot on the Ohio. Once she rode out a cyclone that blew off pilot house roof. She's the mother of Capt. Tom, born in an Ohio river steamer.



24. The trip ended at the line's terminal in Cincinnati, where a sister ship, the Chris Greene, was discharging a cargo of Louisville freight. The Gordon C. tied up 9½ days after leaving New Orleans. Three days later, with new passengers, she left for a cruise up the Tennessee river to Knoxville.



Foreign Bride

Dear YANK:

I married an English girl while I was stationed in Great Britain and now that there is a possibility of my getting back to the States I would like to find out a few things about her citizenship status. First, is it true that she became an American citizen by marrying me? Second, would she lose her British citizenship through our marriage? Third, will she have to wait her turn like any other immigrant to come to the United States under the quota from Great Britain?

Germany —T/Sgt. CLYDE JORDAN

■ To begin with, your wife did not acquire American citizenship through her marriage to you. Nor did she lose her British citizenship through her marriage. If she wishes to become an American citizen, she will have to be naturalized after she reaches the United States. She will not, however, have to wait for a quota visa in order to come to the States. As the wife of a citizen, your wife gets a non-quota status and can come to the States without waiting her turn under the quota. Get Immigration Form No. 663 from the nearest American consul, who will tell you the procedure you must follow.

Insurance Protection

Dear YANK:

In civilian life I was a traveling salesman. My job took me to most of the Central and South American countries. When I get out I expect to return to that job. I would like very much to continue my GI insurance after my discharge but I have heard that the insurance isn't any good if I leave the States. Is that right?

Philippines —T/Sgt. JACK SONNETT

■ Your information is not correct. Your GI insurance will protect you no matter where you go. National Service Life Insurance is free from restrictions as to residence, travel, occupation, or military or naval service.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Mustering-out Pay

Dear YANK:

I had 15 months of service in Puerto Rico before being shipped back to the States. Now some of my buddies are telling me that I won't get the full $300 mustering-out pay because Puerto Rico is an American possession. They say that I will get only $200 and that all I can do is count my time in Puerto Rico as overseas service for points. Are they right?

Camp Ellis, Ill. —Cpl. HERMAN SCHULTZ

■ Your buddies are all wet. You get the full $300. The fact that Puerto Rico is an American possession has nothing to do with your right to the extra $100 in mustering-out pay which men who served overseas receive. You served outside the continental limits of the United States and you get the full $300.

Housing Loan

Dear YANK:

When I get out of the Army I plan to buy a lot and build my own home. I figure on doing the construction work myself. I understand the money loaned under the GI Bill of Rights for building a home is a 20-year loan. If I find it impossible to keep up the payments on my loan and the house is taken away from me, will I lose the labor I put into the house or will the government repay me for it? Does the same thing apply to the interest and principal I will have paid off? I would also like to know if I can use part of the loan money to buy furniture for my home and how soon after I get out I have to apply for the loan to be entitled to it.

India —Pvt. PAUL A. RUMSEY

■ A veteran who owns a home on which there is a mortgage covered in whole or in part by a GI Bill of Rights loan is no better or worse off than any other home owner. If he is unable to keep up the payments on the loan, the bank will probably foreclose its mortgage. In such a case he will lose not only the labor he put into the house but he will also probably lose the money paid on the mortgage. No part of a GI Bill of Rights loan may be used for the purpose of buying household furniture. You must apply for the loan within two years after your discharge or two years after the war ends, whichever may be later.

Purple Heart

Dear YANK:

When our outfit first got over to France we were attached to an infantry division and we were in action against the Jerries. One day two German planes came over and all the men were a little shaky because we were new in combat and we were going to move up in a short while. We began cleaning our guns. We were all sitting in a circle and one man's gun went off accidentally and wounded two of us, myself and another man. The other man is back in the States now and he has the Purple Heart. Am I also entitled to the Purple Heart?

Germany —Pvt. CHARLES L. BOURGOYNE

■ You are not entitled to the Purple Heart. Neither was the other guy. The Purple Heart should be awarded only for wounds resulting from enemy action (AR 600-45), not for wounds arising from accidental injuries inflicted by non-enemy action.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Loud Mouth

If you don't believe that this guy's name was Aspinwall—Aspinwall T. Fernwicky—just ask anybody in our regiment.

Only nobody called him Aspinwall, or Asp, or even Fernwicky, except maybe the CO, because even before we left the States we started calling him "Loud Mouth" and the name stuck. It described him better than a whole book.

Loud Mouth had an answer for everything. There were no mysteries for him about the M1 or any other weapon we used, even new things which were being tried out for the first time. He claimed to know them inside out and would seem like he wasn't listening or paying much attention when the sergeant or lieutenant would explain the fine points to us. And when it came to Army regulations, he said there was an answer for everything and he could of got out of going overseas if he had wanted to use his knowledge, but what the hell, he was in and might as well see the thing through.

How he ever picked on me I don't know. Probably it was because we bunked next to each other and he would start explaining his theories to me, first one thing and then the other, after we came in from the field, only his voice was like a stone crusher and you could hear him all over the barracks. Pretty soon a few of the fellows would gather around his bunk, and once he had an audience Loud Mouth could keep going until lights out. His old man had been in the last war and this one wasn't much different the way he figured it, and then he'd begin to show us how we could lick the Jerries or Japs with the same technique, only adding a few airplanes.

Some of the guys would break away about seven o'clock during these discussions and go down to the PX for beer, but you'd be surprised how many would stick around and listen to this stuff which was kind of surprising coming from a pfc. Loud Mouth would tell us what was happening at those conferences where Roosevelt and Stalin and Churchill all got together, and darned if he didn't come up with the right answer sometimes. Like when he told us: "There's no getting away from it, they're going to hit that old continent sometime early in June." And sure enough, when D-Day came, Loud Mouth paraded around the barracks like he was a confidant of Eisenhower or Marshall or something.

It was stuff like this that made you think twice before telling him to shut up or telling him he was full of it. You just never could know when he was right or when he was lying or telling the truth.

We didn't go over until after D-Day, and it was late in the fall before we really saw some action up with the First Army. Loud Mouth might have goofed off plenty in the States, but he was a mighty good man to have along on patrol except he never kept that mouth of his shut and the Krauts might have known about every unit near us if we didn't keep him quiet sometimes when he started griping about what the hell this outfit was doing, or why did the guys on our flanks have to sleep all night and all day too.

I guess all in all Loud Mouth rated as a pretty good rifleman, but nobody was mentioning him for promotion to lieutenant or general or anything like that. There may have been better soldiers in the outfit, but they just didn't have the knack of advertising like Loud Mouth and as a result nobody ever got to hear a whole lot about them.

It was one night while we were out on patrol, just before the whole thing over there finally broke up, that Loud Mouth goes off from the rest of us and he doesn't show up until the next morning. Then he comes stomping back, his eyes very bright, and demands to see the CO. Finally the sergeant gets him quieted down, but all he can say is: "So help me, I saw him. Saw him with my own two eyes, talking to a bunch of Jerries about five miles from here."

"Saw who?" the sergeant asks.

"Why, Adolf Hitler himself, with his mustache and that dirty raincoat. I remembered it from the newsreels," says Loud Mouth. "I shot at him and then ran like hell."

Now I can see the sergeant's point on not wanting to take any chances on a thing like that, so he got the CO and the CO talked to Loud Mouth and Loud Mouth said sure, he saw him with his own two eyes and he's willing to stake his reputation as a pfc and a gentleman on it.

This got the CO kind of worried so he told battalion and battalion told regiment and pretty soon everybody in the outfit knew about what Loud Mouth said he saw and there was more scurrying about than I ever witnessed since we went into combat. First thing I knew a jeep-load of correspondents who had been up at the regimental CP drove up and wanted to talk with the soldier who saw Hitler. Then Loud Mouth repeated his story for the reporters and they took down notes, but I understand later the story was censored. But Loud Mouth wrote a letter about it to his mother and his mother brought it to the paper in their hometown and the paper used it on page one.

When we came back to the States for this redeployment deal, Loud Mouth telephoned home, some place in Pennsylvania, and his mother told him they've got a big celebration planned and that he could run for mayor of the town and be elected if he wanted to. Loud Mouth said this is a possibility that he would consider.

Well, Loud Mouth sent me a clipping a few days after he got home, and I guess his home town figured he really was Eisenhower or Patton or a combination because the whole place turned out from what I read between the lines. They presented him with an auto, a new home, and $500 in cash besides gifts too numerous to mention, the paper said.

Now with all this talk about "Is Hitler dead?" I don't know what to think. Loud Mouth says he thinks he got him, but couldn't wait around to see. The Russians aren't sure Hitler's dead, we can't say for sure, and the British are on the fence, too.

Maybe Loud Mouth got him after all and those Jerries just covered the whole thing up. I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

AGF, Washington, D. C. —M/Sgt. HERBERT L. SCHON

LINES TO A RECRUITING OFFICER

I'm frightened of KP and squad drill,
I'm leery of eternal starch,
Of tripping an eternal quadrille
To the tune of a "left flank, march!"

The unpleasant details alarm me
And I long to go cling on my vine.
This Army, this Army, this Army
Was never a project of mine.

I'd never make a soldier, unless he
Were dark, and handsome, and six foot three.

Foster Field, Texas —Sgt. JESSICA WILSON

LONG TIME NO PFC

Forever gone is that halcyon time
When ratings flowed like casks of wine,
And monthly on the bulletin board
A GI's rating upward soared!
Ah, chevron-heaven days so dear
When guys made tech in half a year!

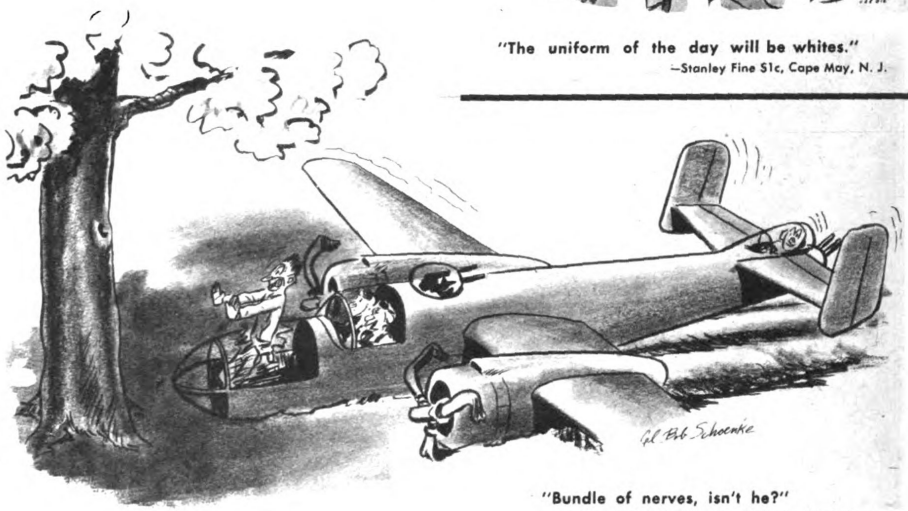
Full many a moon shall shine and wane
Ere another stripe I'll gain,
But it doesn't really make me grieve—
The stripes I want upon my sleeve
Are not GI—I have an urge
For the pin-stripes of my old blue serge.

Sheppard Field, Texas —Sgt. SHELBY FRIEDMAN

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

"The uniform of the day will be whites."
—Stanley Fine S1c, Cape May, N. J.



"Bundle of nerves, isn't he?"
—Cpl. Bob Schoenke, Ellington Field, Texas

"I think they're in Communications."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon together with the mailing address on your latest YANK to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

Full name and rank _____ Order No. _____

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

_____

_____

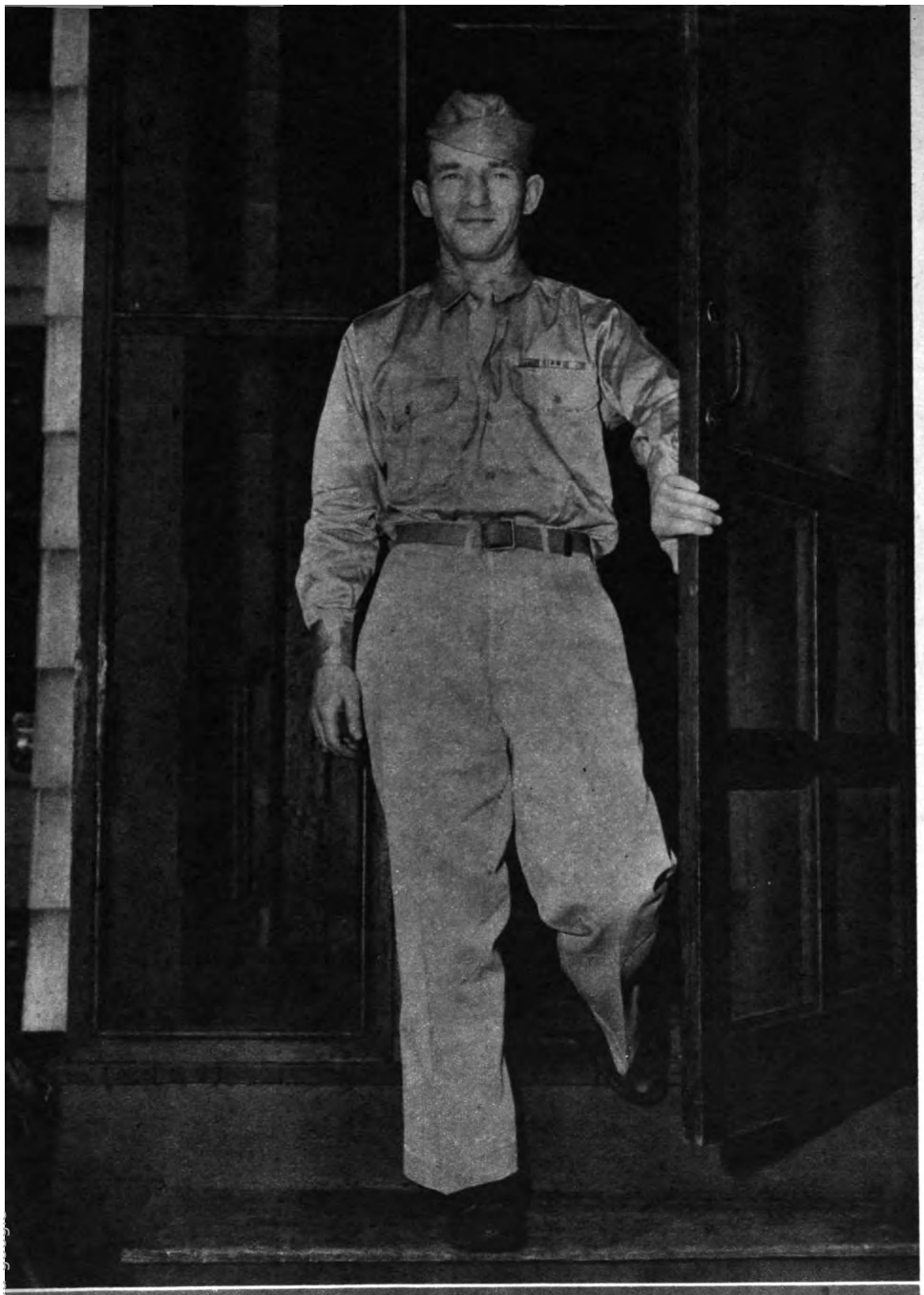
NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

_____

_____

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THEY THOUGHT HE WAS A KRAUT

It took Cpl. Gilbert Beamesderfer 31 days to talk his way out of a U. S. Army PW camp and back to his status as just another Yank GI.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Writer

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.—The mills of the Army grind slowly, but once they get started it takes just about an act of God to get anything caught in them unground.

Consider the case of Cpl. Gilbert J. Beamesderfer of Ephrata, Pa., formerly of I Co., 320th Inf., 35th Division. Beamesderfer is the GI who spent 31 days in an American uniform as a PW of the American Army—a *German* PW.

It happened in France last September, just before the Battle of the Bulge. Beamesderfer was leading a squad against German positions southeast of Nancy. He was leading the way across a field when he happened to look down and there ahead of him, sitting in a hole with a machine gun, was a Kraut.

Beamesderfer took one look, threw his rifle at the German and jumped him. He got one hand on the muzzle of the Kraut's gun, pushing it aside as it went off, and worked over the Kraut with a trench knife in his other hand. That did it, but when it was all over and the German was dead, Beamesderfer looked down and saw his own arm covered with blood.

"Medic!" he yelled.

"Over here!" a medic yelled back.

Beamesderfer crawled out of the hole and across a road into a ditch, where the medic was waiting. The medic bandaged his arm, and then Beamesderfer started crawling toward the rear.

He made it back to the battalion aid station where they rebandaged his arm and put him in an ambulance with some other GI wounded. This took him to a collecting station and from there to a clearing station. Everything was fine until he arrived at an evacuation hospital.

Beamesderfer hit the hospital about midnight, and a couple of medics carried him from the ambulance into a ward. The ward was full of other American wounded, and Beamesderfer felt good when he finally reached a cot. A captured German medic was helping out in the ward and came over to take off Beamesderfer's field jacket and wash his face. Beamesderfer watched the medic for a while and then said to him in German, "Can you understand me?"

"*Ja*," the German said.

Beamesderfer talked to him for several minutes in the Pennsylvania Dutch he had learned back in Lancaster County, Pa. He found that he got along pretty well. What he didn't notice was that an American nurse was standing at the head of his cot, taking it all in.

THE first hint Beamesderfer got that anything had gone wrong was when all the other GIs in the ward were taken out and he found himself the only patient left. He lay there alone until 7:30 in the morning, wondering what was going on. Then a nurse came through the ward and he called her over.

"What gives?" he said. "Why don't they operate on me?"

The nurse looked at him in surprise: "Where did you learn to speak English like that?"

"What?" Beamesderfer said. But the nurse had already left.

Fifteen minutes later another nurse came and began wheeling him down the empty ward. A

They put him in an ambulance. This took him to a collecting station and from there to a clearing station. Everything was fine . . .

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

voice called out from somewhere: "Take that Jerry into Room 7."

Beamesderfer looked around for the Jerry, but the ward was empty. The nurse wheeled him into an operating room, where an American doctor was waiting. The doctor smiled when he saw Beamesderfer, patted him on the shoulder and said heartily in bad German: "All right, all right, we'll take good care of you."

"*Ja, ja,*" Beamesderfer said, laughing.

"Are you glad it's over?" the doctor continued in German.

It never occurred to Beamesderfer that this was anything more than a joke. "You're goddamned right I am," he said, also in German.

THAT clinched it. When Beamesderfer came out of the anaesthetic he was in a ward full of Germans. At first he thought he had been captured.

"Hey," he called to an American lieutenant walking past. "Have the Krauts got us?"

"Just be quiet," the lieutenant said. "You got nothing to worry about. You're with your buddies."

"Buddies!" Beamesderfer yelled. "What do you mean, buddies? Get me out of here!"

The lieutenant just walked away.

They kept Beamesderfer in the German ward for three days. American doctors and nurses came in and out and Beamesderfer stopped them and insisted he was a GI, but all he got were blank stares. They had been picking up a lot of German soldiers in American uniforms lately and they weren't taking any chances. To make matters worse, the hospital had checked back with Beamesderfer's company, where it was learned that, according to the records, the ambulance which had evacuated him had been either captured or shot up.

Still, Beamesderfer couldn't believe that anyone actually considered him a German. Things like that just didn't happen, not even in the Army. Then they moved all the wounded in the hospital to a nearby air strip to wait for evacuation to England. There the Germans and Americans were given different colored cards. When Beamesderfer saw his, he realized at last that a ghastly mistake had been made. The card was the one for Germans.

His first thought was that they would shoot him for a spy. After all, he was wearing an American uniform and if they thought him a German that would qualify him for a firing squad. The thought was not comforting. He tried convincing the Americans again, arguing and pleading and yelling and even weeping.

It was no use; everyone thought Beamesderfer was a German, including the other Germans. He made such a nuisance of himself that the Germans began to regard him as their leader, just because he gave the Americans so much trouble.

He had got to know the Germans pretty well by that time. He didn't like them. Before the war Beamesderfer had been somewhat inclined to give Hitler credit for some of the things he had done, but not after he saw the results.

"Those Germans stink," he says now. "They're no damn good. They want to be led."

One day at the air strip an American lieutenant gave Beamesderfer a pick mattock and told him to dig a garbage pit.

"Me dig a garbage pit!" Beamesderfer exclaimed. "An American soldier? Like hell I will!" He called over two Germans standing nearby. "Take this goddam pick and dig a goddam hole," he ordered.

The Germans took the pick and went meekly to work. The lieutenant started to bawl out Beamesderfer, but changed his mind when he saw the Germans working. After that, whenever the Americans wanted a detail, they told Beamesderfer to get the men and made him the boss.

Beamesderfer tried talking to the American GIs on the strip, but they wouldn't have anything to do with him. When chow came he automatically got on the American chow line, but the mess sergeant always recognized him and kicked him out. By the time he got to the German chow line, he'd be too late. It got so Beamesderfer had to wait till everybody else had got seconds before he could get his firsts.

The only person in that whole time who thought Beamesderfer was an American was a wounded German lieutenant colonel, and he didn't count. This colonel had been bitching because he wasn't in an officer's ward, so the Americans ordered Beamesderfer to tell him to shut up. Beamesderfer went up to the colonel and told him in his nastiest German that if the colonel didn't shut his face the Americans would take him out into the field and just leave him lay. The German piped down, but that only made Beamesderfer a better German in the eyes of the Americans.

After 10 days on the air strip, the wounded were evacuated to England. Beamesderfer flew with a plane load of Germans, brooding all the way. At the air field in England, three MPs were waiting for him. He was separated from the others and the MPs took him away by himself. My God, he thought, they're going to shoot me!

BUT they weren't. The MPs took him to another hospital, where he was put in a tent by himself. He tried to talk to the MPs, but they snubbed him. He tried everything. Finally he started talking half to himself about Pennsylvania, and one MP showed signs of interest.

"You ever live in Pennsylvania?" the MP asked after a couple of days.

"All me frigging life," Beamesderfer said.

The MP became more interested and let Beamesderfer tell his story. At the end of it, he asked the MP's advice on what to do.

"Well," the MP said, after much thought, "you might insult the captain. Maybe that'd help."

"Okay, I will," Beamesderfer said.

So the next time the captain came to treat his arm, Beamesderfer told him to go away.

"Captain," he said loudly, "why don't you take a flying leap to the moon?"

"What?" the captain said.

"You heard me," Beamesderfer said. "What have you got, rocks in your head?"

"What!" the captain said.

"Aaah," Beamesderfer said. "Blow it out your barracks bag."

By this time the captain was shaking like a leaf, he was so mad. "I'll get somebody to fix you," he said, and stormed out of the tent, returning a few minutes later with the colonel commanding the hospital.

The colonel started lecturing Beamesderfer in German, but Beamesderfer said, "Goddam it, Colonel, you don't have to talk to me in German. I understand English. I'm an American." Then Beamesderfer started to cry.

The two officers left, but next day they returned with a lieutenant interrogator and questioned Beamesderfer for two hours. They asked him questions about the States—who was President, what was the name of the President's dog, what color was the dog, what was the population of New York? They asked him a lot of other questions that any good spy would probably have been primed for, and he answered them all.

THEN Beamesderfer took the offensive, "Colonel," he said, "did you know that Lancaster County is officially listed as The Garden Spot of the World?"

"No, I didn't," the colonel said.

"And that Lancaster is the Red Rose City and York the White Rose City?"

The colonel didn't know that either, but he was impressed. He called in a nurse who came from Philadelphia and Beamesderfer told the nurse more things about Pennsylvania, how when an Amish family, for example, has a marriagable daughter in the house they paint the fence white and the gate green.

When Beamesderfer had finished, the colonel sat in silence for a while. Then he said: "OK. We'll send your fingerprints to Washington."

"That's all I ask," Beamesderfer said. "That's the only thing I ask." Then he began to cry again.

After that it was just sweating it out. Beamesderfer walked up and down his tent. He held his head. He tried to sleep, but couldn't. And then one day the lieutenant interrogator walked into the tent, carrying a piece of paper, and said in his most official tone: "I am happy to inform you that you are an American."

It was too much. "*You're* happy to inform me!" Beamesderfer shouted. "*You're* happy to inform *me!*" Then he just stood there and blew his top.

After that it was gravy. The colonel told the captain, who was no longer mad, that Beamesderfer was to be given anything he wanted. They even held a formal review, with the colonel and his staff and Beamesderfer in the reviewing stand, and all the medics passing before them. After the review the colonel made a speech, apologizing to Beamesderfer in the name of the hospital and the United States Army.

"You have proved yourself an American by your perseverance," the colonel said.

And Beamesderfer stood up, small and wounded, his arm still bandaged, and said in a loud voice: "I accept your most gracious apologies. All is forgiven."

There is only one other thing. Beamesderfer is back in the States now, on a 90-day work furlough between operations at Cushing General Hospital. He feels pretty good, except for his nerves. He's inclined to be kind of jumpy and he's developed a phobia that he feels is going to bother him as long as he stays in the Army.

The phobia probably came from those 31 days of helpless yelling on the one hand and being constantly bawled out on the other. The doctors don't know what to do about it. All they suggest is that Beamesderfer take it easy for a while and maybe get married and settle down. But that isn't so easy in the Army, and the phobia is the kind that might make life somewhat difficult for an enlisted man.

Beamesderfer is scared of officers.

"Hey," Beamsderfer called. "Have the Krauts got us?" "You got nothing to worry about," the officer said. "You're with your buddies."

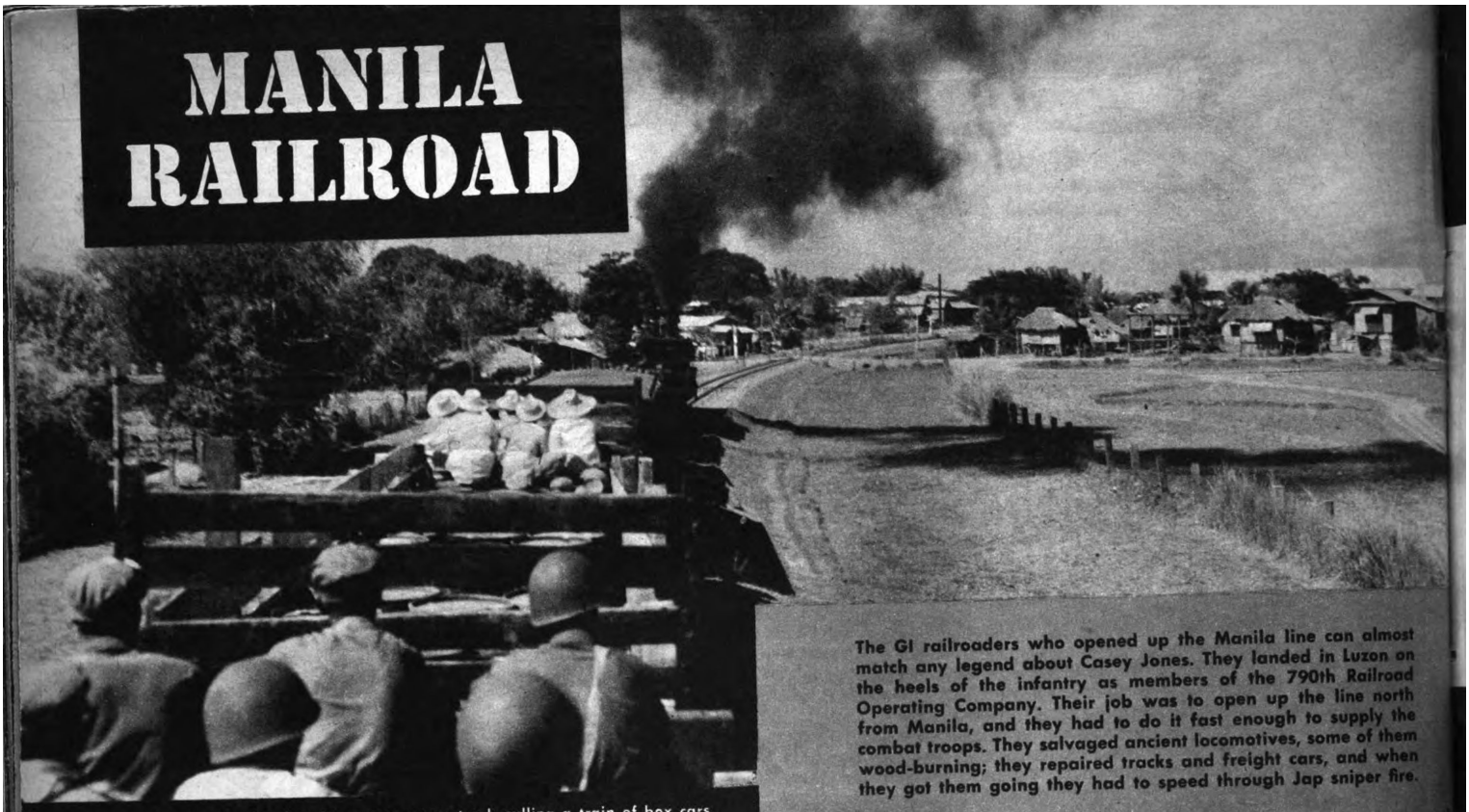
He started talking to himself about Pennsylvania. "You ever live in Pennsylvania?" an MP asked. "All me frigging life," he said.

And then one day the lieutenant interrogator walked into the tent and said: "I am happy to inform you that you are an American."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

/ile Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MANILA RAILROAD

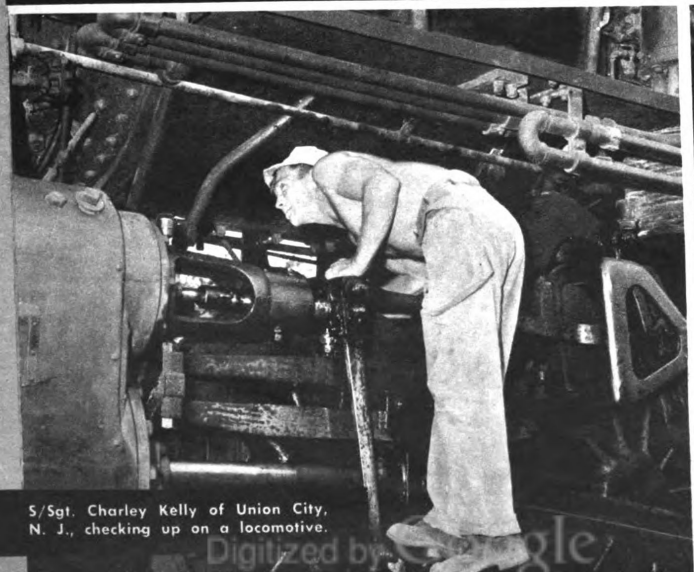


An engine steams ahead on its narrow-gauge track pulling a train of box cars. A bunch of Filipino guerrilla guards are sitting in the car in the foreground.

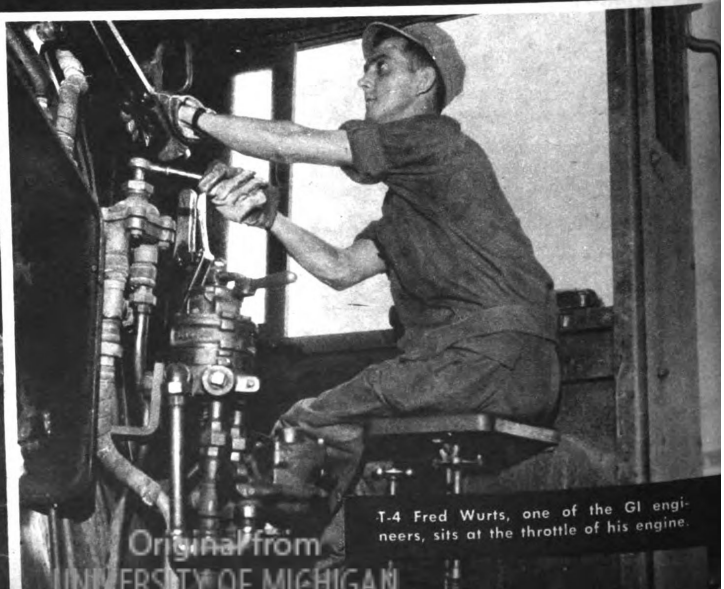
The GI railroaders who opened up the Manila line can almost match any legend about Casey Jones. They landed in Luzon on the heels of the infantry as members of the 790th Railroad Operating Company. Their job was to open up the line north from Manila, and they had to do it fast enough to supply the combat troops. They salvaged ancient locomotives, some of them wood-burning; they repaired tracks and freight cars, and when they got them going they had to speed through Jap sniper fire.

Machine-shop foreman Cpl. Joseph J. Kartye of Cincinnati, Ohio, runs a lathe to make parts for one of the salvaged railroad cars.

Sgt. Frank Hibma and Cpl. Allen Stroble made this contraption out of an old Jap hand car. It tears along at about 25 miles an hour after it gets going.



S/Sgt. Charley Kelly of Union City, N. J., checking up on a locomotive.



T-4 Fred Wurts, one of the GI engineers, sits at the throttle of his engine.

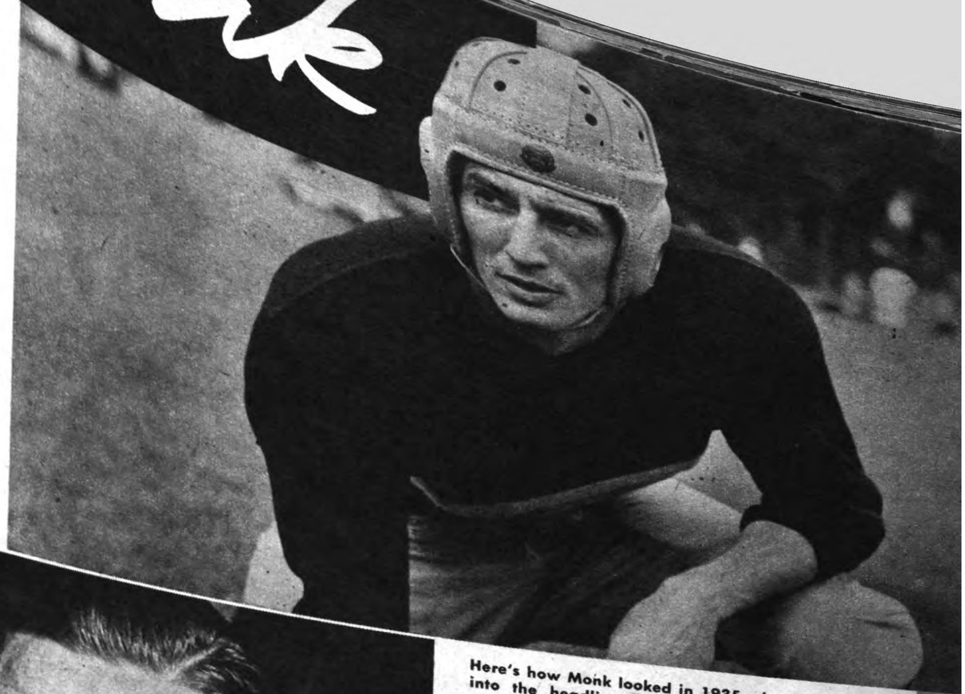
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Monk

...EOD
...espondent

...SION, THE PHILIPPINES—
...s Robert (Monk) Meyer,
...st Point halfback of 10 years
...uirt of a guy. He has a wild
...colored hair and wears glasses.
...guy in his battalion remarked, "I love
...y to death, almost, but God, doesn't
...ke somebody's hired hand?"
...y started calling me Monk way back in
...rt school," Lt. Col. Meyer says. "Monk is
...for monkey. I always was little. I suppose
...looked like a monkey."

The Monk says he weighs 140 pounds, but to look at him you'd think he'd have to take a deep breath before he tipped the scales at 120. Yet back in 1935, while a junior at West Point, Monk Meyer played 60 minutes against Notre Dame. In the Army-Navy game that same year the Monk threw three touchdown passes to help sink the Navy 28 to 6. He's best known in football, of course, but Monk captained West Point's basket-



Here's how Monk looked in 1935 when he first came into the headlines as a West Point football star.

Here's Monk Meyer as he looks today, a lieutenant colonel in the Infantry with a taste for watermelon.

ball team, won his letter in track and dilly-dallied with a not-too-sissy pastime called lacrosse, which consists mostly of running up and down a long field and beating people over the head with bats.

The Monk tried out for baseball, too. He especially wanted to win a letter in that because his father, captain of the 1909 West Point baseball team, would have liked it. Monk tried hard but he couldn't make it.

"Couldn't see the dagburned ball," he says.

Monk makes frequent use of the expression "dagburned." Some people, when they first hear him use it, instead of a more profane term, think possibly he got his nickname because he is ultra-religious like a monk, saintly in many things. But it isn't so.

When we met Monk he was AWOL from a hospital, watching a movie at division headquarters in a shack occupied by war correspondents. Before the main feature began, the projectionist, who used to be a Hollywood commercial photographer, ran off some technicolor slides of bathing beauties. As pictures of the more scantily clothed blondes flashed on the screen, Monk would slap his thigh and chortle, "Dagburn it, dagburn it, oh, dag-dagburn it."

Monk is now commanding officer of the 2d Battalion, 127th Infantry. He was assigned to the 32d Division as a casual officer in the middle of the Driniumor River campaign in New Guinea in July 1944, and has been with his same outfit, except for trips to hospitals, ever since.

Meyer is one of the more popular officers in the division. Some of his more enthusiastic men have even compared him with the 32d's great jungle fighter, the late Capt. Herman Bottcher, and that's as high an honor as the 32d can think of. One platoon sergeant who has been with the division all the way said it like this, "Don't get me wrong. If you foul up, you really get on his S-list, and that's too bad. But if you do what's right he'll stick by you all the way. And if you do something really good there's nothing he won't do for you."

Colonel Monk's last trip to the hospital was about a little ear trouble. He was up on the Villa Verde trail with a company blowing up Jap caves with dynamite. He took a charge into one cave himself. First time the fuse sputtered out. Second time, he stayed in longer to see that it was burning properly. He didn't get out fast enough. The concussion played hell with his ears.

Monk is still griping about that. Later arrivals at the scene took six Jap officers' sabers out of the cave. Monk didn't get a one. "I don't have one of the dagburned things at all now," he lamented. "First one I got I traded to the Air Corps for an air mattress, and I swapped the second for a silver-fox coat for my wife."

One of the hardest things to realize about Colonel Monk is that he is strictly a Regular Army officer up and down the line. He was born at West Point while his father served there as an instructor in philosophy. There is hardly a single old-Army post that Monk at some time or another didn't call home. He studied at six different high or prep schools—a year of that in Manila, while his father served as CO of the 60th Coast Artillery on Corregidor.

Monk had too much trouble with his English to win a West Point appointment in the competitive examination for sons of Regular Army officers. ("Dagburn it," he said. "I can't hardly speak it, let alone write it.") But he finally finagled a congressional appointment. Once he did get into the Academy he did all right in his studies; middle third of his class to be exact.

After graduation, Monk went to the 9th Infantry, 2d Division at Fort Sam Houston as a $100-a-month second lieutenant. On his leaves he played pro football with an Allentown (Pa.) team for a little pocket money.

He was in Hawaii when the war broke out. He was company commander and athletic officer of the 35th Infantry, 25th Division. There he was boosted to first looie and captain, got married and coached the Cacti football team, for two years champions of the Hawaiian Department.

Along about the middle of 1942 while Monk was attending the advanced course at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga., he got bumped to major. After graduating, he was jumped to the silver leaf and served as CO and instructor with the Fort Benning demonstration paratroop battalion. Then he went to General Staff School and to the newly activated 86th Division. Then Monk got tired of dry runs and put in for an overseas combat assignment.

"I wanted to go to Europe," he says. "I thought it would be more amusin' than the Pacific. I'd seen that."

But he wound up unassigned in the 5th Replacement Depot, then at Oro Bay, New Guinea; thence to the 32d and to the Driniumor, Leyte and Northern Luzon.

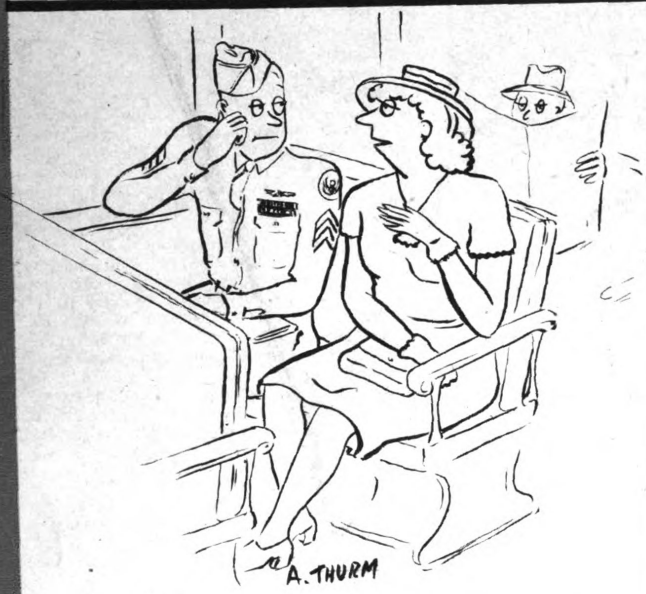
Lt. Col. Meyer's teammates in the 1935 and 1936 teams ("I never did think I was any dagburned all-American," he said,) are pretty much scattered all over the world. All of them have by now reached field grade or higher. Monk's favorite center, Jock Clifford, now sports a full eagle and is CO of the 19th Infantry, 24th Division, in Mindanao.

"Two of the boys made BG," Monk says with a grin. "But they're Air Corps. The Air Corps gets all the ...

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"YOU REALLY KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON—JUST FEEL THAT BRIEFCASE!"
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"I DIDN'T REALIZE I'D BEEN AWAY SO LONG!"
—Sgt. F. H. Phillips



"WHY HAVEN'T THEY SHIPPED YOU OVER, SOLDIER?"
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm

"THEY WANTA KNOW IF YOU CAN PLAY ANY GOOD SYMPHONIES."
—Cpl. Tom Flannery

PLAY IT DOUBLE

1. SEND *YANK* HERE

YANK will follow you wherever you go with strictly GI news.

2. SEND *YANK* HOME

Mail yourself a copy at home. Have the home folks save it.

YOUR name and rank

Military address

Care of parents, wife, etc.

Home-town street address

City, Zone and State

4-8

PLEASE INDICATE: RENEWAL ☐ ONE YEAR *(52 ISSUES)* ☐ $2.00
NEW ☐ 6 MONTHS *(26 ISSUES)* ☐ $1.00

Double above amounts for two subscriptions. . . . Enclose check or money order and mail to:

YANK, THE ARMY WEEKLY, 205 E. 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Subscriptions are accepted only for members of the armed forces or discharged veterans of this war.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN